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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance.

Wounded and the Open-Air Hospital.

TO-DAY we have the satisfaction of publishing the second part of Mr. Shipley's account of the First Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge. It will, we are sure, be most attentively read and considered, since it is the history of a great attempt to treat with skill and promptitude the needs of those who have been sent back from the war wounded. On no point is the country more solicitous. It is felt that brave men, most of whom have narrowly escaped death, deserve all that a grateful country can do for them. Apart from this, the main characteristic of the hospital would be deserving of special attention by our readers, since it is an application of open-air treatment to those who have suffered from participation in the war. We use a broad term to cover the cases, because not all are suffering from gun-shot wounds. Tetanus, pneumonia, enteric fever and meningitis are spectres that hover round a fighting army. But against them science

is making a splendid struggle. Although close upon 7,000 patients have been treated, the number of deaths per cent. is only 0.45. The lowness of the rate of mortality is indeed, as Mr. Shipley says, "astonishingly low." Moreover, the great advantage of the open-air treatment is that it practically does away with convalescence. In a general way a soldier after being discharged from hospital has to spend three weeks or so in a "home," after which he goes back to his family for a few days before he is adjudged sufficiently fit and well to return to the fighting line. The open-air hospital has enabled the middle period to be eliminated. A patient has no period of convalescence. On being discharged, he usually goes home for a brief holiday, after which he is ready to return to the fighting line.

When considering this brilliant success it must not be forgotten that life at the front has prepared the men to take full advantage of the open-air treatment. Were anyone who has lived in stuffy rooms, and been more or less coddled, suddenly exposed while suffering from severe wounds to the rigour of the English climate it is exceedingly likely that he would find the cure worse than the disease. But the soldier for many months has been far more exposed than he is at the hospital. He has often been obliged to sleep in the trenches, and live in them with cold, wet feet and garments caked in mud. A change to the hospital after all that comes as a luxury. He has a roof over his head and a protection from the damp at his feet. The wind sweeps over the beds and the patients, but the rain is kept off. They have plenty of blankets and hot-water bottles to assist them in withstanding the cold. And recovery is, no doubt, very much assisted by the attention of a regiment of trained nurses and the provision of entertainment which the men can enjoy. Further, there is no centre of learning in Great Britain more deserving to be called a home of science than Cambridge, and its world-famous experts grudge no time or trouble which is directed to the service of our soldiers.

It must be gratifying to the country to know that the medical efficiency of the county is excelled by no other nation. The open-air hospital was considered and planned long beforehand by Dr. Joseph Griffiths, and it has its counterpart in the fine work done on the field. Never was so great an army maintained in a higher state of health. Yet there were misgivings beforehand. It was very well known that the highly cultivated fields of Belgium were particularly adapted to fostering the microbe of tetanus, long considered one of the most deadly, as it always has been one of the most painful, of diseases. Yet science has been able to cope with it on the field, and in the open-air hospital of six cases only three proved fatal. Enteric fever, which proved so great a scourge in the Boer War, has been most successfully combated.

The success of the hospital has been achieved in the teeth of very great difficulties. Not the least of these arose from the difficulty of getting together an adequate number of doctors. No profession has answered more generously to the call of patriotism, and, unfortunately, signs of reluctance to enter the medical schools had become apparent before the war broke out. Knowing this, Lord Kitchener made a special request that the medical students should go on with their studies. A proportion of them did so; in others the call to arms was too strong, and, in addition to such as are serving with the R.A.M.C., there are many fighting in the various corps to which they had volunteered. Of older men a very large proportion indeed are serving on the field, and in no way is their zeal more thoroughly proved than in the number of fatalities. How often have we read of a doctor being killed while attending to his patients. Nurses, too, have been in great demand at the front. Thus even the vast resources of Cambridge have been heavily taxed to provide the necessary medical and nursing service; but devotion to a cause has overcome this difficulty, as it has overcome many others.

Our Frontispiece

WE publish this week a portrait of Viscountess Curzon, whose husband, Viscount Curzon, is on the Queen Elizabeth, now taking part in the attack on the Dardanelles.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

ALTHOUGH the open-air hospital at Cambridge is commented upon in the leader, it may be useful to summarise the advantages claimed for it. First, there is economy. The cost per bed is about £18, as compared with between £200 and £300 in the usual style of hospital. Secondly, the recoveries are splendid, the death rate amounting only to a fraction per cent. of the cases. A third point is that the middle period of convalescence is avoided altogether. The men when cured do not require the usual two or three weeks in a nursing home, but return to their people for a few days, and then are ready to resume their duties. A further advantage of the open-air hospital is that it tends to reduce the depression inseparable from the wards of a town hospital. At the latter place the atmosphere of the city finds entrance despite all efforts to keep it out. The air of the city is tainted, and science has not yet discovered a means of avoiding odours that suggest dangerous operations. Every visitor is aware how often the hearts of the inmates are "full up," so that it takes very little to provoke tears. How different is the lot of those whose eyes are met by the growing grass and the renewal of life! There is a buoyancy engendered which in itself is the most wholesome of all medicines.

THIS great improvisation in war time may in the future profoundly modify all our hospitals. These institutions, supported, many of them, by voluntary contributions, are a cause of legitimate pride to the nation. They have done wonders, and to the glory of the expert it can be recorded that the poor patient in them receives for nothing the same skilled treatment for which the rich have to pay a high fee. It is the tradition of medicine and surgery to give this service without fee to those urgently in need. But that is not to say that further progress is impossible. There are so many possibilities that suggest themselves in regard to the open-air hospital that one cannot help thinking something will grow out of our experience when war is over. For example, the feeding of the patients could be improved and cheapened. It would be very possible to keep cows to provide milk, which never can be obtained absolutely fresh in town. It is the same with eggs and poultry. In conjunction with such a hospital it would be an easy matter to run a little farm to supply the inmates with new milk, new-laid eggs and fresh vegetables—not far from Cambridge is the Government poultry station directed by Mr. Paynter.

AT this season of the year it is customary in the North of England to let the grass parks. This is done by auction. A large number of graziers assemble, and their bidding is a sound indication of what they think of the meat prospects of the year. It scarcely needs saying that in Northumberland the fattening of cattle is a very important branch of agriculture, and the value of the fine old permanent pastures surrounding ancestral castles and manor houses is well understood. It follows that the rents realised offer a very clear indication as to what the graziers think of the bread or meat controversy which has brought us so many interesting communications. The writing had already gone far to show that practical farmers are almost unanimously of the

same opinion as Mr. Cleghorn, and the bidding so far has amply confirmed this view. At Milfield, we learn from a local paper, the rents showed an advance of 40½ per cent. over those of last year. Further comment would be superfluous. In a matter of this kind the sagacity of the grazier and the cattle-dealer very seldom is at fault.

WHEN the history of this war comes to be written, it will surely be recognised that the most wonderful miracle it brought was the extraordinary creation of a British Army while hostilities were proceeding. This was partly due to the spirit of the nation, partly to the unparalleled organising ability of Lord Kitchener. Not only has an army been got together, but it has trained with a thoroughness still more remarkable than its rapidity. A huge number of young, loosely built fellows have been by hard training developed into smart, efficient, intelligent soldiers. "It's hard, deuced hard; but, by Jove, it's a man's life," said one of them. Fortunately, they have taken to the strenuousness of this life as a fish takes to water, and the drill instructors say they never had a keener body of men to train. To a very large extent they have of their own accord discarded the use of beer and all other stimulants, recognising that fitness and drink do not go together. Of 15,000 men at one training depot, an observer records that he has only seen one man the worse for drink, and that was a recruit's first night. The time, of course, is near at hand when their manhood will be put to the final test; but those who have had the most favourable opportunities for studying them have no doubt that they will emerge from it triumphantly.

SERVICE.

Her rigor rules earth's settled lands,
She binds men's limbs with iron bands,
Her keen lash hath a thousand strands.

Darkness and cold and hunger-pain,
These are the wardens of her reign,
Making her thralls of bondage fain.

No priest nor tyrant's ministers
Deviseth torture-plans like hers,
Nor mercy her fierce wrath detests.

The merry youths and maidens grow
Bitter and sad to taste her woe
And think each mortal stands their foe.

Lo! at her word, in toiling sore,
Bend bright young brows and heads grown hoar,
So was, so shall be evermore.

But here and there a soul may come,
Not wailing-weak, nor sullen-dumb,
Neither afraid, nor sad, nor numb.

For to himself his own soul saith
"The Very Lord of Life and Death
Wore these self chains while He drew breath."

So in the mines Heaven's joy bells ring,
And down grey streets fair angels sing . . .
Celestial comrades cleave and cling
To him, the vassal of their King,
Serving not Self, nor Fear, but God the King.

A. S. FALCONER.

IT is very satisfactory indeed to know that young soldiers are being forced into temperance, not by iron law, but by their own thoughts. They see that to avoid drink is necessary to fitness. One would like to think that a similar intelligence were beginning to awaken in the minds of the soldiers of industry. It would be very much better for the nation that the workers in the great munition factories should of their own accord lay aside the drinking habits which, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are interfering seriously with their efficiency. In that case Government might very easily render assistance without making a hard-and-fast law on the subject. There is no doubt that much of the stupidity which attends drinking is due to the fiery character of the spirits consumed. There is a type of workman who wants something "to grip his mouth," as he says, and this something is very nearly akin to poison. A far-reaching effect might be produced if it were enacted that no whisky could be taken out of bond until it was at least three years old, and, further, instead of

being sold at 25 per cent. under proof it should be sold at 50 per cent. under proof. Thus the only spirits procurable would be pure and well matured, and they would also be very largely diluted. The effect of this on the physique of the workers would soon make itself apparent, and, we believe, would help towards that self education which is proving the persistent foe of intemperance.

ON what should have been, but for the war, Boat Race Day, the announcement appeared in the papers of the sudden death, at his home in Edinburgh, of Mr. A. R. Paterson, at one time president of the Oxford University Boat Club and a distinguished athlete in various lines. "Archie" Paterson, as all knew him, was one of the company of famous footballers who came to Oxford from Scotland about 1880, and under the leadership of Vassall of Clifton transformed Oxford Rugby football and made the University team a terror to all who came to play against it. Other great Scottish game players of his date were J. G. Walker and A. O. Mackenzie, the former a first-class cricketer, the latter a fine oar, and both, like Mr. Paterson himself, great Rugby "forwards." Mr. Paterson also took part in one of the first of the inter-University golf matches. After leaving the University he resided almost entirely in Scotland, giving up his rowing and football and devoting himself to golf. He was a good golfer, but never of the first rank, but his social qualities made him very welcome in all golfing circles, and he was captain of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers in a year when the Amateur Championship was held on their green at Muirfield. He was but in his fifty-sixth year at the date of his universally lamented death.

A STURDY personality has been lost to England in the person of Mr. John Wilson, M.P. for Mid-Durham. He was one of those vigorous workers of the last generation who were able by diligence and determination to work their way upward from the lowest ranks. In the year 1847, when he was ten years of age, he worked in the Stanhope quarries at 4½d. a day of twelve hours. In the next year he entered a coal mine for 6s. a week, and then he gave up in order to go to sea. When he came back from his seafaring, it was to return to the Durham mines, where he only stayed a little while. He emigrated to America, and worked for three years in the Pennsylvania and Illinois goldfields, coming back to England in the early sixties. An important stage in his career was that in which he took a leading part in founding the Durham Miners' Association, of which in 1882 he became treasurer and in 1890 general secretary. Mr. Wilson was an ardent Radical in politics and a preacher. The coming of the war was, therefore, an exceedingly great shock to him, but he acknowledged that after the invasion of Belgium there was no way of escaping it. He belonged to the type of working-man's representative, of Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Broadhurst. In Durham he held a very secure seat, and, in fact, no one came to oppose him during the last three elections.

A BOOK to be read at the present moment is "Atalanta in Calydon." At any time it is good reading, for it is the consummate fruit of a poet's genius; but the special reason for drawing attention to it at the moment is that great events are once more occurring in the land with which it largely deals. We imagine how Mr. Swinburne would have been fascinated if he had lived long enough to hear of the Queen Elizabeth entering the Straits and threatening to make even still more resonant history than that already associated with the shores of the Hellespont. Here is Troy, the windy plains of Troy, as Mr. Disraeli the younger exclaimed, when relating that there had come to him the knowledge "for me remains the revolutionary epic." The closing choruses of "Atalanta" are suffused with the atmosphere hovering over that part of the Near East. At times, it is true, Swinburne was carried away by the intoxication of language, as in the passage, "Where the thundering Bosphorus answers the thunder of Pontic seas." The Bosphorus does not thunder, but a classical legend is invested with new poetry and romance in the lines:

When the dove dipt her wing
And the oars won their way,
Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened the
straits of Propontis with spray.

There was never a poet with less of the guidebook about him than Swinburne, but the last pages of this poem render the very spirit of the heroic scenes associated with it.

WE are very glad to hear that the Government has been able to allocate a Science Fund of £60,000 for the purpose of investigating the disease of measles and, if possible, getting rid of it. The subject is both important and attractive. Our readers may perhaps remember a reference to it in an article on Bedford and the soldiers quartered there. These men at that time were mostly from the Highland regiments, and they lived for the most part in isolated cottages among the hills. It was found that scarcely one of them had ever had measles, whereas in town bred youths it is the exception not to have it. We cannot forget that the Highlanders had to pay for their early immunity. Almost the only deaths that took place were from measles, and the theory was that the disease comes with such unfailing regularity to urban families that in process of generations it loses its virulence and deaths become less frequent; but those who belong to families which have not had measles in this way suffer very severely if attacked. Among native races previously exempt, it is a deadly disease should it break out. That, at any rate, was the theory on which medical men accounted for the fatalities in the Highland regiments. No doubt this phase will be kept well in view by the experts who undertake the investigation.

THE Russian proclamation in regard to prisoners has a magnanimity that throws into striking contrast the truculence of the Germans towards their captives. "Receive not the prisoners sent to you as your enemies," is the command issued to the Russians, with the charitable addition: "They are peaceful and hard workers, and only by force of necessity have they taken part in the battles against the Russian Nation. Bear yourselves towards them with dignity! Be just, and have consideration for the sorrows of others." The proclamation goes on to say that the prisoners will be distributed among the houses, but only among houses in which there are still men. Payments will be received from the military authorities for feeding the prisoners, and the peasants are told to make their own bargain and look after the feeding. It will not be difficult to do, as it is an abundant year in Russia, with plenty of bread and plenty of vegetables, and everything at low prices. Prisoners on their part are enjoined to behave with decency, not to violate the order in the village, and to be civil to all and especially to their hosts. This is, indeed, a message worthy of the Great White Czar and his advisers—a fitting reply to the "Song of Hate."

THE RED CROSS ORDERLY.

I rise at six, light fires and black the grates,
I'm kitchen-house-and-chambermaid combined,
I clean the knives and sometimes wash the plates,
Do any dirty work that I can find.
I fetch and carry like a spaniel pup,
And when down the back stairs with coals I tumble,
To tell the truth I get a bit fed up
With things, and feel inclined to grouse and grumble.
But these small peevish humours take to wing
When I remember all that you have done,
Who braved the frozen trench, the shrapnel's sting,
Saved our dear England from the bestial Hun.
You did so much; so little I can do;
That's why I'm proud to carry coals for you.

ERNEST BLAKE.

SERBIA is suffering more from disease than any of the other belligerent nations. It has had more than its share of ill-hap. Before it had time to recover from the effects of the Balkan War, this other conflagration sprang up, and the peasant States of the East have not yet had time to bring their sanitary methods up to the level of the great European countries. The minor horrors of the war—the unmentionable insects that effect a lodging, when to be clean is impossible, spread the infection of typhus. People who have not been able to get a change of clothing for months cannot possibly rid themselves of parasites, and so the disease has a very high death-rate. Even the nurses are not immune. The touching poem which Miss Falconer contributed to these pages a fortnight ago was based, not on fancy, but on fact. A very difficult task, therefore, devolves upon the charitable associations which are taking this matter up and attempting to deal with it. The Japanese were the first to show that the great enemy of typhus is cleanliness, but it is very difficult for that lesson to be put into practice in Serbia at this time of day. The importance of personal cleanliness cannot be grasped by an entire population during the progress of a war, when the mind has so many other things to occupy it.

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS.

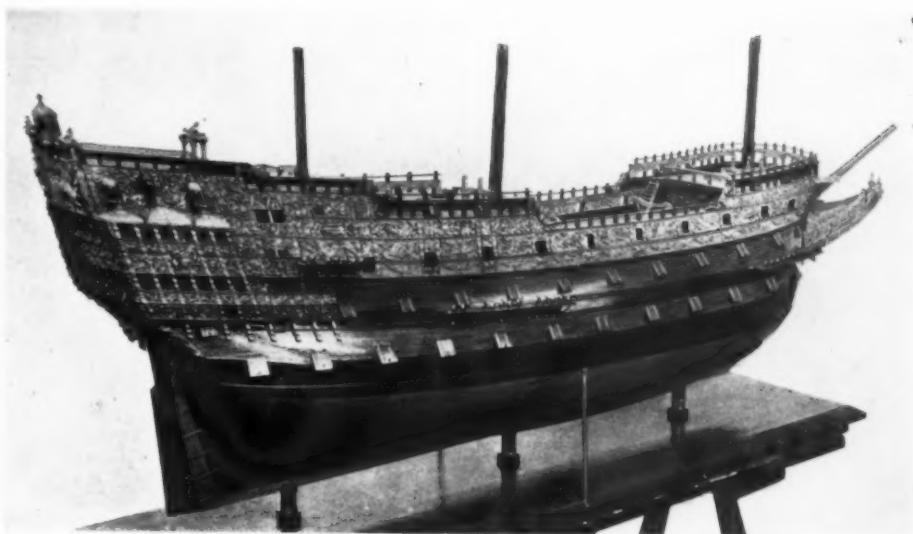
By L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.

MODELS of the men-of-war of past ages are prized for a variety of reasons—for their technical and antiquarian interest, for their historical associations and for their decorative value. On all these grounds the model of the famous Sovereign of the Seas, in the Naval Museum at Greenwich, is deserving of high consideration. The vessel represented was the most important English ship of her generation; she was probably the most highly decorated ship of all time, and she is the earliest of which we have a model for which any degree of authenticity can be claimed.

It is not necessary to say much of the ship herself. Her name was symbolical of her purpose, for she was built to substantiate Charles' claim to the actual dominion and ownership of the Narrow Seas, and was thus another outcome of the policy which gave rise to the "ship money" dispute. Technically she was certainly an important ship. It is commonly said that she was the "first three-decker"—that is to say, that she was the first ship to carry three complete tiers of guns; and in support of this statement the opinion of the Masters of the Trinity House is quoted: they, in August, 1634, declared a three-decker to be "beyond the art or wit of man to construct." It seems to have escaped notice that this opinion was, at the date of its pronouncement, contrary to accomplished fact.

Two months before the Trinity Masters spoke, the King had placed the order for the building of the Sovereign of the Seas with Phineas Pett, who thus records the event: "The 26 of June His Majesty came to Woolwich in his Barge to see the frame of the Leopard, then half built, and being in the shipp's hold his Highnesse called me a side and privately acquainted me with his Princely resolution for the building of a great new Shipp, which he would have me to undertake."

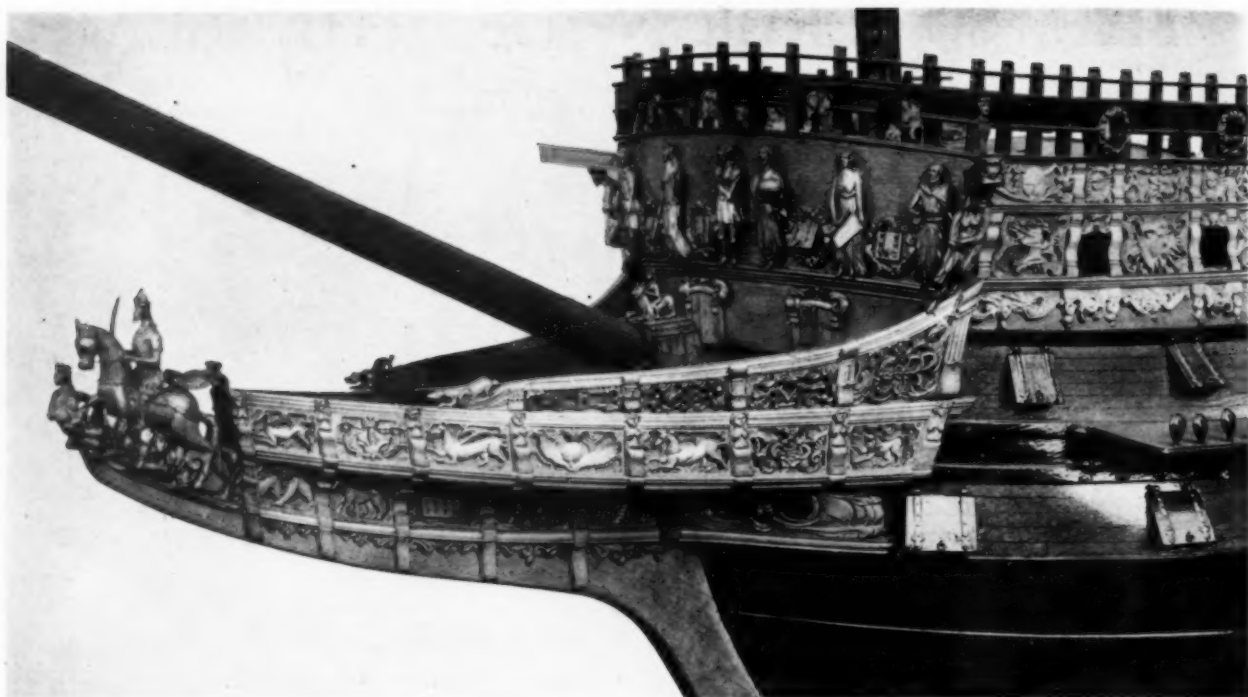
Pett must have set to work at once on the design of the ship, and on the making of a model of her, for on October 29th, 1634, "the model made for the great new Shipp was Carried to Hampton Court and there placed in the Privy Gallery, where, after his Majesty had seen and thoroughly perused, he commanded us to carry it back to Whitehall." It would appear, therefore, that at the



MODEL OF THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS.



THE CARVED STERN.



STEMHEAD AND FORECASTLE.

very time when the Trinity Masters expressed their gloomy view of the project, the design must have been very well advanced, if not completed; for until the completion of the design the model could not be begun.

But in addition to this, it is now known, from manuscript sources, that there were three-deckers in the Royal Navy before this date, among them being the famous *Ark Royal* which bore Lord Howard's flag against the Armada—a ship whose name, after an absence of full three centuries, has recently been restored to the Navy List—and the scarcely less famous *Prince Royal*, built in 1610, and still on the effective list of the Royal Navy for long after 1637.

The explanation of the difficulty seems to be found in Heywood's description of the *Sovereign*: "she hath three flush Decks; and a Fore-Castle, an halfe Decke, a quarter Decke, and a round-house." A flush deck is a deck which runs on one level from end to end of the ship without any "falls," i.e., steps, in it; and a round-house was the structure which in more modern times has become the poop. All of these decks and parts of decks can easily be seen in the model.

The three-deckers of earlier date than the *Sovereign* had not flush-decks, but decks built with "falls," to do without which presumably the Trinity Masters, as votaries of the old order, thought "beyond the art or wit of man." Pett rose superior to tradition, and the *Sovereign*, as her war record shows, proved an efficient ship. An additional deck which the *Sovereign* originally had was the "spar-deck," a light deck running from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle, and thus covering over the waist. This is shown in the earliest extant drawings of the ship, but is not reproduced in the model.

The *Sovereign* was rebuilt, i.e., considerably altered, in 1659, and it is probable that her spar-deck was removed

in the process. She was "rebuilt" again in 1684, and was laid up for yet another rebuilding when she was accidentally burnt in 1694. It is hardly likely that in her latter days she bore much external resemblance to the ship which was launched in 1637.

Although there are extant many ship models of the seventeenth century, none has yet been noticed which is of older date than 1660. Their early history is still very obscure. It is known that at the very beginning of the eighteenth century it was the rule, established by Admiralty Order, that a model should be made of every man-of-war new built, or rebuilt, for the Royal Navy. These official models are, of course, of the highest possible authority. By contrast there might be a tendency to depreciate models

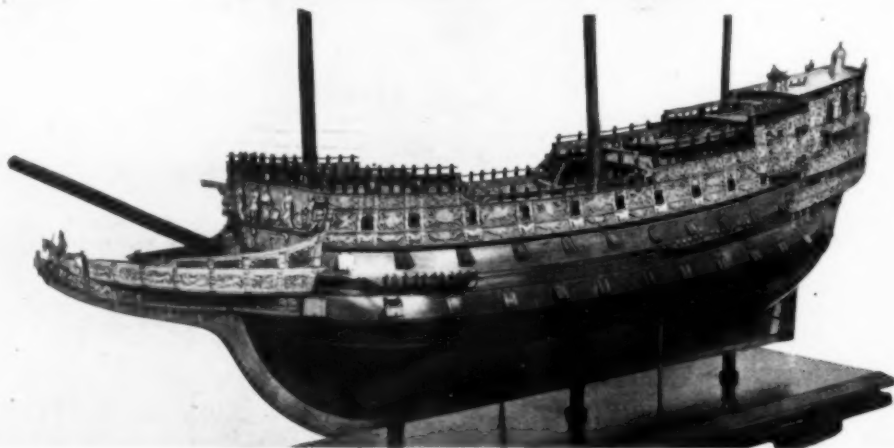
of earlier date, as not having official authority. To do so would, however, be almost certainly wrong.

The later Stuart models agree in every respect with those of the early eighteenth century; the method of treatment, the workmanship, and the scale are all similar.

It has not

yet been discovered that the Stuart models were "official," i.e., that they were ordered to be made; but from their very numbers we are almost justified in deciding that their construction was called for by the Admiralty or—during a great part of the period—by the Lord High Admiral. These models had a distinct utilitarian purpose. In an age when seamen had little technical knowledge of the art of ship design, it was found that a concrete effigy of the future vessel conveyed a far better impression of her probable qualities than a series of mathematical drawings and calculations would do.

The Lord High Admiral, or the Lords of the Admiralty, liked to see and feel the form of the ship. And so they ordered the Navy Board, the technical body responsible, among other duties, for the design and building of ships, to submit



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREENWICH MODEL.

a model before they made a start with the ship herself. The Admiralty criticisms would be embodied in the design as carried into execution. The models which we have were prepared for this purpose, and are consequently known as Navy Board models. As has been said above, it is not yet certainly known whether the later Stuart models can strictly be called Navy Board models.

But ship models were made long before the Restoration. Pett himself made a model for presentation in 1599, and in 1607 made another, after which the *Prince Royal* was built. In 1634 he completed another, and immediately afterwards began that of the *Sovereign of the Seas*. We do not know what has become of any of these early models; nor can it be proved that the Greenwich model of the *Sovereign* is that which was made by Pett. But this much can confidently be asserted: that the Greenwich model, if not absolutely correct, at least gives a very good representation of the actual ship. Several other representations have come down to us, some of which are known to be contemporary, or very nearly so. Most of these were described, and their degree of authority estimated, by Mr. R. C. Anderson in the "*Mariner's Mirror*" in 1913, and two others, notably an oil painting of the hull on a folding "table" which is in a private collection, have since come to light.

Of all these representations the best known is Payne's contemporary engraving, which may be accepted as an adequate picture of the ship. It has been suggested that possibly this engraving is the oldest picture of the broadside of the ship which exists, and that not improbably the oil painting of the *Sovereign* at the Trinity House was made from it. A very careful consideration of detail would be necessary before it could be decided whether this supposition is correct, or whether the engraving was made from the picture. The point, in the present connection, is not of great importance.

It is worth while, however, to return to the folding "table." This is very large, and shows the detail of the ornamentation in great perfection. Its owner, in showing it to me, assured me that the workmanship was undoubtedly Early Stuart, and, without knowing who was the master carver employed in decorating the ship, said that the carving, when seen in the large detail of the "table," looked like the

work of Christmas. The remark struck me; for Heywood, in his account of the ship, says: "The master carvers are John and Mathias Christmas, the sons of that excellent workman Mr. Gerard Christmas, some two years since deceased, the work better commending them than my pen is able. And I make no question but all true artists can by the view of the work, give a present nomination of the workmen." From which it may be decided that the "table" has fallen into the worthy hands of a true artist.

The probable sequence of authority may be stated thus: Perhaps the "table," the Trinity House painting, Payne's engraving and the view of the stern of the *Sovereign* shown in the National Gallery portrait of Pett, may all be accepted as contemporary authority. None of these shows the fore bulkhead of the ship, and only the National Gallery portrait shows the stern. Thus it might be expected that later drawings which attempted to reconstruct these features, in the main from Heywood's written description of the carvings, would exhibit discrepancies. This is the case, and, moreover, the Pett portrait seems to have been unknown to the later draughtsmen.

The Greenwich model was probably constructed at a comparatively early date, in the main from a set of these drawings. Such an explanation accounts for the discrepancies between its stern carvings and those shown in the Pett portrait, which are in agreement with Heywood's description of them. I am not aware if the history of the model is certainly known, but assume it to have been one of those which were transferred from Kensington Palace to Greenwich Naval Museum in 1830 on presentation by King William IV. The actual proportions of the hull of the model cannot be accepted as authentic; for we have no present evidence that any of the existing drawings of the lines of the ship were copied from a contemporary set, or, indeed, that any original drawings were ever seen. Pett presumably made drawings of the lines, but it would be entirely in keeping with what we know of the jealousy of the age that he should have kept them severely to himself. The lines of the ship as we have them, and as the model reproduces them, were probably reconstructed as an approximation by a draughtsman with a good general knowledge of seventeenth century practice.

Bread or Meat.

WHICH DOES BRITAIN NEED MOST?

TO-DAY we offer another selection of letters on the agricultural situation which is epitomised by the question "Bread or meat?" It will be noticed that these letters are of a very searching description. They lay bare a situation that contains many elements of doubt and, therefore, of danger. Several writers emphasise the statement made by Mr. Walter Crosland, who manages the estate of his brother-in-law, Sir Alexander Henderson, "We are paramount as stock breeders in this country, and we have the finest breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs in the world, and all foreign countries come to us for fresh blood." As far as the interests are concerned of those who breed pedigree animals, this truth makes them safe, but it scarcely touches the larger question of the supply of food that will be required in the immediate future. There are lean years to come, is the dictum of Mr. F. J. Brown, the secretary of the Tring Agricultural Society. He sees at the end of the war a great scramble for the meat produced in Argentina, Australia and New Zealand. So long as military operations last the bulk of this supply will come to Britain; when hostilities are over the highest bidders will probably be the buyers and Britain will have to pay high for what she gets. He thinks that normal supplies have been produced up to the present at the cost of killing thousands of heifers and cows which under ordinary circumstances would have been kept in the breeding herd, and the killing off of stores which in an ordinary way would have been put on to grass for the summer and autumn supply.

BREED STOCK AND ENCOURAGE MILKERS.

SIR,—I read Mr. Cleghorn's article on "Bread or Meat" with much interest, the question being prompted, no doubt, by the temporary high prices of cereals. I say "temporary" advisedly, because there is little doubt when this awful war is over and the country has settled down to normal, prices

will descend, and we shall then be where we were before the war. If farmers could be assured of 40s. per quarter in future years for wheat, at which price it would be remunerative to grow, there would be a large increase in the acreage of wheat in this country, but we cannot compete, in this variable climate of ours, with the ever increasing wheat imports from Argentina, Canada and other countries, nor do we want to. Wheat is an exotic, and revels in a hot, dry summer, but the ideal wheat summers are few and far between in this country, and we are frequently hampered with bad weather at planting time, as was the case last autumn; but in spite of these drawbacks more wheat would be grown if it could be sold at a profitable price, but not otherwise.

We are paramount as stock breeders in this country, and we have the finest breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs in the world, and all foreign countries come to us for fresh blood. Mr. Cleghorn says, "Let us make sure of the meat, and then do the best we can with the cereals." I quite agree, and I also think that everything should be done to encourage farmers to rear more young stock, instead of selling their calves to be killed as is the case now. This wholesale destruction of calves is a serious question, and unless it is stopped soon there will be a great diminution in the cattle stock of the country. Another, and, to my mind, a much more serious question at the present time, is the fact that the high price of beef, and shortage of labour combined, are causing farmers to sell both in-calf heifers and cows for killing. This is a short-sighted, suicidal policy which is bound to result in serious losses to farmers in the near future, for it will have the effect of diminishing the milk supply, which is undoubtedly one of the most important natural foods produced in this country, and one of the most profitable for farmers, and also or not hampered by foreign competition. The question of the shortage of milkers must be got over somehow, either by getting women to take the place of men or by milking machines, but the question is so serious that the Board of Agriculture should take immediate action to stop this wastage of breeding stock.

I quite agree with Mr. Cleghorn that everything should be done to encourage the breeding of cattle, sheep and pigs in this country, so as to increase our output of meat, which, to my mind, is much more important than increasing the acreage under wheat, for with the enormous losses of live stock on the Continent caused by the war there will be a great demand and a great shortage of meat in the future.—WALTER CROSLAND.

THE VEGETARIAN HAS THE PULL.

SIR,—It is just ten years since you allowed me to express my views on diet in your columns. I was then a so-called vegetarian, *i.e.*, one who abstains from fish, flesh and fowl, but includes eggs, milk, cheese, etc. I am now a lapsed vegetarian; I occasionally eat fish or fowl. But I am still obstinately convinced that some kind of "vegetarian" diet is the ideal one for most people, and I have been led to this conviction by many converging lines of evidence. The vast majority of people, including most doctors, have no idea how strong the vegetarian case is. And why? Because they have never lowered their minds to the study of vegetarian literature, or experimented on themselves with a knowledge of food values.

But one cannot have milk without cows, or eggs without poultry, and hence the problem is seriously complicated. "Bread or meat?" becomes largely a question of "bread or milk?" as some of your correspondents see. Allow me to correct the astounding statement of Mr. Wilfred Buckley that a quart of milk is equivalent to eight eggs. The proteid value of milk is low; in fact, eggs contain more than five times as much, and the percentage in some forms of meat is higher still. It is often claimed by vegetarians that an acre of wheat will support ten times as many people as an acre of pasture for beef. If this is capable of proof it ought to be reckoned with. But bread, unlike meat, is not a concentrated food, and requires backing with either eggs, cheese, nuts or pulses, if one abstains from meat. It would be interesting to know the views of an expert like Mr. Eustace Miles on the question whether wheat or pasture is most needed now.—T. F. ROYDS, Bollington Vicarage, Altrincham.

PESSIMISM.

SIR,—I have read the correspondence on this subject with interest, but with impatience, for I cannot believe that any amount of advice to agriculturists will alter their plans; nor, with the shortage of labour and horseflesh, can they expand their cultivation. The problem, as I conceive it, is to show the consumer that the only way of ensuring food supplies at moderate prices is to increase the home supply. For the consumer has been taught to believe that cheap food comes from abroad, that home grown supplies are a negligible quantity, that our climate is unpropitious, our soil worn out, our farmers unprogressive—in fact, that the land is merely the happy hunting ground of politicians with a fad.

It is amazing how those who should know better lend colour to this view by comparing the farming conditions of foreign countries with those prevailing at home, always to the disadvantage of the latter. It may be truly said that distance lends enchantment to the view. Take the crops of Argentina and Canada for the last two years. The 1913-14 crop in Argentina a most disastrous one; the present crop, a good promise marred by deluges of rain. A favourable crop in Canada in 1913, followed by a most disastrous crop. In both countries, financial stringency leading to failures on a large scale. In Australia a disastrous drought.

Under the present conditions of the world's demands for foodstuffs we are extremely unlikely to have "cheap food" from abroad. For of recent years the United States have become importers of meat, and Canada has been importing New Zealand butter and lamb. The Canadian farmer has found it more profitable to grow the more concentrated products and ship them free of import tax to the United States than to supply us with wheat. In fact, the world's wheat acreage, partly for this reason and owing to the low prices prevailing, has remained stationary of recent years. And yet we still hear of the "boundless areas of virgin soil waiting for the plough." To any of your readers who care to inform themselves of the factors which govern our supplies from abroad I shall be happy to send a copy of a book I published in 1913, called "The Farmers' Outlook," which you were kind enough to review in an appreciative manner.—RALPH T. HINCKES, Foaley, Hereford.

LEAN YEARS TO COME.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Cleghorn's article on the question of the increase of the meat supply or the bread supply, my views are as follows: I must assume that England keeps command of the sea, otherwise it will be needless to discuss the question, as any small increase in either section would only prolong by a few weeks the hopeless position we should be in. What few remarks I offer must therefore be based on the assumption that our shipping is unhampered and that we get food products from any countries having them to send.

I will take the meat section first. I assume that those exporting countries, more especially Argentina, Australia and New Zealand, will have the same amount of stock to dispose of as usual, and while the war lasts the bulk of it will come to England. Within four months of the determination of hostilities a large proportion of this supply will be open to diversion to European countries, and the highest bidders will probably be the buyers. If England secures the supplies it will be at an increased cost. The position in England at the present time is that she has, owing to the shortage of foreign and Colonial supplies, been endeavouring to keep up with the normal demands of the country; she has done it, and is still continuing that course, but will fail before another two months have passed. But at what cost? At the cost of killing thousands of heifers and cows which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been kept in the breeding herd, and the killing off of bullocks which at any other period would have been the stores to put on to grass for the ensuing summer and autumn supply. The consequence of this procedure ensures that English-fed cattle for some years must be in the minority, as demand will be ahead of supply all along the line.

Sheep are not quite in the same category, except that, in common with the rise in price of other meat, mutton will be a participator in the rise.

Pigs, owing to the unremunerative prices, although high, cannot be fed profitably at the present time on account of the high price of their food, mill offals and barley meal. Many thousands, here again, which should be retained for breeding purposes are being sold for food, and later will be considerably reduced in number, until normal prices for their upkeep are again to hand.

Summing up the foregoing, it points to the fact that England will be short of stock for some few years to come, and that prices will be on a high level. To combat this state of things, every head of stock in the cattle and sheep section should be reared, no lambs nor calves slaughtered, and if we go short, these two items should be the ones to be spared, and every attention should be given to this section of agriculture.

The bread question is summed up in fewer words so far as my own views are concerned. The extra quantity of wheat that we should raise by breaking up inferior pasture land and dislocating other necessary products, such as barley, oats, beans, roots, etc., for growing wheat, would have such a small result in proportion to our population that it is hardly worth consideration. Other countries are more fitted for it, and the plough can work behind advancing armies, and in a short time, in a large measure, deficiency can be made good. We have India, Russia, the Argentine and all our Colonies to draw upon for wheat and cereals, but only those I mentioned at the commencement for our meat supply. Let England look after her herds and flocks and increase them in every way she can. She is the world's mart for the best stock produced, and she must make a great effort to be able both to provide for herself and those who come to our shores to buy, to replenish their own herds and flocks. No country comes here to buy corn.—F. J. BROWN, Secretary, Tring Agricultural Society.

THE SHORTAGE OF YOUNG STOCK.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article in COUNTRY LIFE on the question of food supply. My opinion is that to increase the wheat area to such an extent that it would cause any reduction in livestock and other necessary crops would not only be detrimental to the farmer, but very bad for the nation in general. There may be cases where poor pasture land might be ploughed up; but then, every practical farmer knows that this land will not grow wheat for a year or two, and by that time let us hope this terrible European war may be over; and if this is the case, wheat will once again be at a figure that would not warrant the ploughing up of any grass land, however poor. I hope nobody will think that I am not in favour of increasing the wheat area, because at the present moment I am, and where it is possible it is every farmer's duty to do so, as much as it is a soldier's duty to fight; but to let it overrun the other necessary crops is quite another matter. Then, again, cattle are a necessity, and there is no doubt that we are already suffering from a shortage of young stock suitable for feeding for beef. There may be many reasons for this that I cannot go into here; but it is a certain fact that if much grass land is ploughed up it will again materially reduce the numbers of store stock, and this is what we want to avoid. Meat is quite as important a food as bread, and of the two evils I think a shortage of meat would be the worse. A shortage of wheat is much more quickly made up than a shortage of livestock; and in this country, which has the name for growing the best stock in the world, I think at the present moment we ought to do all we can to keep up the supply. More stock might be kept and fed with advantage, and this would stop the slaughter of so many good calves. I think the proper course is first to look to our herds and flocks and then sow as much extra wheat as we can without interfering with other necessary crops.—A. W. BAILEY HAWKINS, Stagenhoe Bottom Farm, Welwyn, Herts.

SCARCITY OF SKILLED LABOUR.

SIR,—Having read your interesting article as to the wisdom of increasing the meat supply or the bread supply, I feel I should like to express my views on the subject. I see no reason why this country should not considerably increase its supplies of both meat and bread. At present prices both can be produced at a good profit, and with the prospect of permanent high prices for some time to come capital will be forthcoming to enable those occupying suitable land with business knowledge and enterprise to increase the output of corn and stock. In the past, because of low prices, arable land has been laid down to grass with the exception of the land most adapted for cultivation. The aim has been to produce medium crops instead of maximum ones. The inherent capabilities of the soil have been called upon instead of extra plant food which would have produced maximum crops, at the extra cost.

Nowadays the practical agriculturist has more knowledge of the effects and constituents of manures and feeding stuffs, and by the purchase of them or the use of them both his crops and his stock will increase and will repay him for his outlay. Undoubtedly British soil and climate are adapted to the production of livestock. We produce the best in the world and some of the worst. With these higher prices better calves will be reared and more sheep bred. I hope we may look forward to the beneficial effect of the use of premium bulls, and that the time may not be distant when the production of those animals which, in the past, have been a disgrace and loss, may be seen no more, but our stock may be the produce of those strains of which this country may justly be proud.

One of the great difficulties to be faced by agriculturists is the inadequate supply of labour, especially of skilled labour. This, of course, as far as livestock is concerned, as regards their care and management, is a very serious outlook, and equally applies to the increase of the corn area, which can only be undertaken with a sufficient and efficient staff of men. With better conditions in respect of wages and cottages men may be encouraged to come back to the land; but the country must wake up to the fact that the increased production of milk, meat or wheat will not be forthcoming at prices which do not pay the producer. Agricultural interests must be fostered by the Government; then British soil will put forth her increase, each locality and each field, according to its capability, will be adapted to its best purpose. At present too much British soil is not yielding what it could do because those who hold the capital prefer to invest it in other concerns or in foreign soils, where its use is productive of satisfactory returns. With more capital and more livestock, more corn and wheat must inevitably follow on.

Make it profitable to the British farmer to put money into the soil, and you then may leave it to his judgment, according to his holding, to plant and to breed what is suitable to his circumstances, with the result that British soil shall yield more meat and wheat for its people.—J. B. POWELL, Old Place, Mayfield.

LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL.



THE GRAND NATIONAL: THE START—ALLY SLOPER ON EXTREME LEFT.

IN other and happier years many people interested in racing have looked forward to the first fixture of the season of racing under Jockey Club Rules with pleasurable anticipation, for it afforded an opportunity for meeting old friends, chatting about the prospects of the two year olds and taking general stock of affairs connected with racing and breeding—together a cheery function. But, for all too obvious reasons, there was little cheeriness among us when in this year of the great war we met at Lincoln on the Monday of last week, a noticeable feature of the attendance being the number of men in khaki, at least a third, I should think, of the spectators wearing the uniform which confers upon them the distinction due to men who have voluntarily and promptly answered to the call "For King and country." Now about the racing. The first two year olds of the season to carry colours were those ridden for the Tathwell Auction Stakes—not an event of much importance, but to which allusion is made in order to place it on record that the first winning two year old of the year was Musk, a filly owned and bred by Lord Villiers. A nicely balanced filly she is, by Ingram (brother to Jardy) out of Zara, by Soliman out of Scotch Lassie. In the next race—the Brocklesby Trial Stakes—Lord Villiers' colours were nearly successful again; but of the two-and-twenty runners, one—Roi de Cœur—was a little too good for his horse, Red Star.

The winner is owned by Mr. Lowenstein, one of the Belgian owners now racing in this country, but he is an English-bred colt none the less, being by Cicero out of Ravencula, barren for two

years in succession, then covered by Cicero and sold to her present owner for a trifling sum. Taking them all round, the runners—sixteen in number—for the Brocklesby Stakes on Tuesday were a better looking lot than usual, both the winner and the second being well grown and promising youngsters. The winner, by Roi Heiade (sire of The Tetraich) out of Set Fair, by Isinglass out of Hautesse, was bred by Lord Howard de Walden and bought by Mr. C. Garland when a yearling for 520 guineas. He is a clean chestnut coloured colt save for a "blaze," and his colour suggests a reversion to the Thormanby blood, which he inherits through both sire and dam. His action is perhaps a little wide in front, but he has a nice turn of speed, and should be heard of again.

To the Doddington Handicap on Wednesday I refer because it was won by Lord Ellesmere's Curraghour, got by Kroonstad, a horse with a remarkable racing record. He ran in ninety-one races, the last and twenty-one others of which he won. He was bred by the late Lord Ellesmere, and is by Kilwarlin out of that good mare Sabra, by St. Simon out of Belinda, by Hampton. The horse, it may be noted, is now standing at the Adstock Manor Stud, Winstone, Bucks, at a fee of nineteen guineas, a reasonable enough fee, seeing that up to now he has had very few "chances," and that out of the fourteen runners by whom he has been represented eight have won races.

Not since 1893 has the Lincoln-hire Handicap been won by a horse carrying less than 6st. 7lb.; but, ridden by P. Jones, Mr. F. Straker's View Law won the race this year with 6st. 11lb.



W. A. Rouch

BLOW PIPE LEADS OVER THE WATER.

Copyright.

in the saddle, beating Lord Annandale (7st. 7lb.), Polycrates (7st. 9lb.) and twenty other opponents, among them Lord Rosebery's Wrack (8st. 2lb.), who, after showing good speed, was beaten half a mile from home, much to the disappointment of the public, with whom the horse and his owner are very popular. It is possible that, with ordinary luck, the winner would have won the race under any circumstances. None the less, I am inclined to doubt if the running in the race will work out any too well in the future. It is at least certain that all the horses drawn on the Stand side of the racecourse were the quickest away from the "tapes," and, curiously enough, the three placed horses were among them. View Law is by Littleton out of Eager Lassie, by Eager out of Ayrshire Lassie, by Ayrshire out of Sterling Lass, by Sterling out of Lassie, by Blair Athol. The pedigree is interesting on account of the strong infusion of Budcacher blood, and it may, by the way, be noted that Littleton, himself a beautifully bred horse, by Rightaway (by Wisdom) out of Jenny Gaddes, by Galopin, is one of the horses concerning which the third volume of the "Register of Thoroughbred Stallions" tells us that "the fee for this horse has been reduced by one-half in consequence of the war." He is standing at the Chievely Manor Stud, Newbury, Berkshire.

The Lincoln meeting over, on we went to Liverpool, where on Thursday it was a treat, indeed, to see the style in which Mr. E. Pater-son's five year old, Limerock, cleared the big Aintree fences on his way to win the Stanley Steeplechase. Many a famous steeplechaser I have seen performing over these same fences, but never did one of them clear them with quite the precision shown by Limerock. Neither to right nor to left did he ever look, much less jump, and though, seemingly, jumping without an effort, it was a case of clearing the "top twig" every time. Limerock is got by Rocksand (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger and other races of importance) out of Annot Lyle, whose pedigree I cannot give for the moment.

The five other races in the programme were under Jockey Club Rules, and one of them—the Liverpool Spring Cup—Mr. P. Nelke's five year old, China Cock, fairly roused spectators to enthusiasm. Well, too, he might, for with 9st. in the saddle he had added one more to previous victories gained in cup races on the Aintree course. His record in this respect is remarkable. Here it is: The Autumn Cup (carrying 6st. 7lb.), November, 1913; in 1914 the Spring Cup (7st. 5lb.) and the Summer Cup (8st. 4lb.); and last week the Spring Cup (9st.). It was also at Aintree that he won the Earl of Sefton's Plate in 1913. No small measure of congratulation is to be offered to his trainer, S. Pickering, for, after all his races, the horse looked bigger, fresher and more muscular than ever when stripped for his race last week. He is a deep, thick-set horse, by Santoi out of High Feather, an American-bred mare by Henry of Navarre out of High Tea, by Rayon d'Or. Memories of the extraordinary race for the Derby of the year before last and the subsequent disqualification of the actual winner—Craganour—were revived by the result of the race for the Union Jack Stakes, a race for which Craganour, owned by Mr. C. Bower Ismay and trained by Robinson, started a hot favourite in 1913, and was beaten by Mr. E. Hulton's Flippant. Last week Mr. C. Bower Ismay's Costello, trained by Robinson, was backed at even money to beat his seven opponents, but one of them—Sir E. Cassel's Patrick, to whom he was giving 7lb., the same amount of weight as that which Craganour was trying to concede to Flippant—beat him by a head. Superstitious people will perhaps make note that Costello is engaged in the Derby, but reference to facts as set forth in the *Calendar* will not lend much colour to the belief

that Costello has much chance of winning that great classic race. For disappointment in the Union Jack Stakes the Foxhill stable received some recompense when Lady Isabel won the Molyneux Stakes with ease. This is a very racing-like filly, to which attention was called in the *COUNTRY LIFE* report on the yearlings for Doncaster last year. She is by Marcovil out of Beautiful Star, was bred by Mrs. Cradock at the Lound Hall Stud and was bought by Mr. Mallaby Deely for 510 guineas. She ran last week in the name of Mr. F. Curzon, who is, as I believe, a partner in Mr. Mallaby Deely's racing ventures.

The Grand National Steeplechase remains for comment. Even in these days it suffices to attract a vast crowd of spectators, to whose delight it must have been that the great steeplechase was run under exceptionally favourable conditions. The atmosphere was so clear that it was easy to follow all the varying phases of the running; the going was perfect and, above all, nine of the twenty runners completed the course, and almost until it had been lost and won the issue of the race was in doubt. As the last fence was neared it was evident that, unless both should fall, either Ally Sloper or Jacobus would win. Jumping the quicker of the two, Lady Nelson's horse gained a trifle; but Jacobus was soon on terms with him again, and looked like holding

his own. For some little distance the two horses ran side by side; but then Ally Sloper began to draw away, Jacobus could do no more, and a great race for the Grand National Steeplechase was over—lost and won by two lengths, won by the first Grand National winner owned by a lady. The luck of the race was against Balscadden, for after having been "on the floor" and at one time not far short of a quarter of a mile behind the leaders, he made up his ground to such an



W. A. Rouch. ALLY SLOPER, BY TRAVELLING LAD—SALLY-IN-OUR-ALLY. Copyright.

extent that he finished seventh, and was even then still closing up the gap between himself and the horses in front of him. If Balscadden was unlucky, it must be said that luck was on the side of the winner, luck decidedly in that he was ridden by such a horseman as Mr. J. R. Anthony, whose own brief account of his ride I give: "We jumped off together, my brother Ivor (on Ilston), Parfement (on Lord Marcus) and myself. We had a very good start, and at the second fence my horse stood back too far, jumped on top of it and all but came down, and if Ivor had not been close to me on Ilston, I should have fallen off. A good many of the others had by this time passed me, and I was lying about twenty lengths behind the leader."

"At the Canal fence my horse blundered badly (he was down on his knees), and I was hanging round his neck. I only got back into the saddle in time for the next fence—Valentine's. After that he jumped well and began gradually making up his ground, so that when we came to the water there were only six in front of us. The second time round my horse jumped perfectly. A mile from home he kept getting closer to the leaders, and I began to think of winning. When we got on to the racecourse the leaders seemed to be faltering, but Ally Sloper was going quite strong. Two fences from home he jumped into second place. At the last fence he and Jacobus were practically level, but Ally Sloper jumped it quicker." That is Mr. J. R. Anthony's very modest account of the manner in which Ally Sloper won the Grand National Steeplechase.

I might add that the much talked of Bachelor's Flight came to grief at the fourth fence, that Irish Mail was a thoroughly beaten horse when Mr. Brabazon pulled him up some way from home, that Silver Top jumped well all through but was found wanting in speed, and that Lord Suffolk's very nice young 'chaser, Father Confessor, ran so well that to him may yet belong the honours attaching to the winning of a Grand National.

TRENTON.

THROUGH THE LAND OF COSSACK AND KIRGHIZ.

VI.—MIDSUMMER NIGHT AMONG THE TENT DWELLERS.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.



AT A KIRGHIZ FUNERAL.

ISSUED forth from Kopal on a broad moorland road, and after several hours' upland tramping came to the Cossack village of Arazan—a typical willow-shaded settlement with irrigation streamlets rushing along the channels between the roadway and the cottages. Here, at the house of a herculean old soldier, I was offered for dinner a dish of hot milk, ten lightly boiled eggs and a hunch of black bread—the typical meal of the day for a wanderer in these parts. In the pleasant coolness of five o'clock sunshine I passed out at the other end of the only street of the village and climbed up into the hills beyond. I turned a neck in the mountains, descended by little green gorges into strange valleys and climbed out of them to high ridges and cold wind-swept heights. All about me grew desolate and rugged. It was touching to look back at the little collection of homes that I had left—the compact little island of trees in the ocean of moorland below me and behind me—and look forward to the pass where all seemed dreadful and forbidding in front of me.

In such a view I spread my bed and slept. The hillside was covered with mullein stalks, so that it was difficult to lie down without laying two or three of them low. As it grew dark these stalks seemed to grow taller and taller and blacker all about me till they looked like a great wood of telegraph poles. The vast dark masses of the mountains dreamed, and in the lightly clouded heaven stars peeped across the world, rain-laden winds blew over me, and I had as lief it rained as not, so dry was I, was everything, after weeks of merciless heat. But no rain came. It was a sweet night.

Next morning, with great difficulty I collected roots and withered grass enough to boil a pot and make my morning tea, and I sat and ate my breakfast in the presence of Mrs. Stonechat and her four fluffy little youngsters, gurgling and chirping and not afraid to sit on the same bank with me while their mother harangued them on "How to Fly." While sitting there, the large raindrops came at last, and they made deep black spots in the dust of the road, the lightning flashed across my knife, the thunder rolled boulders about the mountains and I sped to a cave to avoid a drenching shower.

I was in a somewhat celebrated district. The Pass and the Gorge of Abakum are among the sights of Seven Rivers Land and are visited by Russian holiday-makers and picnickers. All the rocks are scrawled with the names of bygone visitors, and by that fact alone you know the place has a name and is accounted beautiful. When the rain ceased and I ventured out of the cave again I saw a Russian at work writing his name. He had a stick dipped in the pitch with which the axles of his cart wheels were oiled, and the wheels of the cart were nearly off for him to get it. For the first time I saw how these intensely black scrawls

were written on the rocks.

It was a pleasant noon-tide along the narrow road between crumbling indigo rocks and heaped *débris*. The stony slopes were rain washed, the air fresh, and all along the way were dwarf rose bushes, very thorny, but covered with scores of bright yellow blossoms on little red stems. The jagged highway climbed again high up—to the sky, and gave me



HEARTY SHEPHERDS.

a vision of a new land, the vast dead plain of Northern Semiretchie and of Southern Siberia. Northward to the horizon lay deserts, salt marshes and vast lakes with uninhabited shores, withered moors and wilted lowlands. I saw at a glance how uninteresting my road was to become if I persevered straight ahead towards Semipalatinsk, and I resolved to keep away among these mountains in which I found myself, following them eastward and north-eastward to the remote town of Lepsinsk.

From that height, which was evidently the famous pass, I descended into the pretty gorge of Abakum. The road was steep and narrow, the cliffs on each side sheer. A little foaming stream runs down from the cliffs, over rubbishy heaps of rocks, and accompanies the highway in an artificially devised channel. A strange gateway has been formed in a thin partition of rock, and through this runs the stream below and the telegraph wire overhead—there is a footway, but carts are obliged to make a detour. At this gateway I saw the first intimation of Siberia and a reflection of the American spirit. Commercial travellers had scrawled

BUY PROVODNIK GALOSHES AT OMSK
and

BUY INDIAN TEA AND GET RICH

In England you cut your Rosalind's name on the tree, in Russia your own name, in America you write what O. Henry called "your especial line of graft," and all the New World is scrawled with handwritten advertisements of trade. So in the far off gorge of Abakum I saw first signs of the America of the future—great commercial Siberia, to which perchance some day Americans will emigrate for work as the Russians emigrate to America to-day.

I felt this pass and gateway to be the entrance to Siberia, though politically the frontier is about three hundred miles distant. After six or seven turns the road issued forth upon a level strand of green and grey—the Siberian southern steppe. Lepsinsk, my next point, was the first town with

the fuel of them, and it was a sight to see the straggling procession of women behind the dust-covered wagons—they had to spread themselves about the moor and the roadway, and search for roots and splinters of wood for the making of a fire at the end of their day's journey. All the women held their aprons or petticoats up and gathered the fuel into their laps. It took them nearly all day to get enough for the fires to boil the nightly soup.



IN THE OPEN BAZAAR.

It is a green and joyous road from Abakum eastward to Sarkand, keeping to the mountain slopes and not faring forth upon the scorched plain that lies away northward. I did not repent that the cross-roads tempted me to go eastward, hugging the mountains. Long green grass waved on each side of the road, and in the grass blue larkspur and immense yellow hollyhocks. I was in the land where the Kirghiz has his summer pasture, and often I came upon whole clans that had just pitched their tents. It was a many-coloured picture of camels, bulls and horses, of sheep swarming among children, of kittens playing with one another's tails, of tents whose framework only was as yet put up, of heaps of felt and carpet on the grass of old wooden chests and antediluvian pots and jugs of sagging leather lying promiscuously together while the new home was not made. On this road the Chinese jugglers overtook me and camped very near where I slept one night. I was amused to see the old conjurer who had juggled the steaming samovar out of thin air hunting mournfully for bits of wood and roots to make that same samovar boil in real earnest.

Next day I came to the village of Jaiman Terekti and its remarkable scenery.

The River Baskau flows between extraordinary banks, great bare rocks all squared and architectural in appearance giving the impression of immense ancient fortresses over the stream. These squared and shelved rocks are characteristic of the countryside and the geological formations, and they give much grandeur to what otherwise are quiet corners. The gateway of Abakum itself owes its impressiveness to this geological rune.



SHEEP SHEARING OUTSIDE THE TENT HOME.

a name ending in "sk," and there are scarcely more than four towns in Siberia not ending so. The emigrant carts that I now met were all coming from the other direction, i.e., from Siberia, and many of the emigrants I found to be actually Siberians discontented with their Northern holdings. They looked a different type, but were evidently poorer and more jaded than those who had come with me from Tashkent. They missed the pine forests, the shelter and

Lepsinsk is what the Russians call a *medvezhy ugiok*, a bear's corner, a place where in winter the wolves roam the main street as if they did not distinguish it from their peculiar haunts. It is by post road 945 miles from Tashkent on the one hand and 1,040 miles from Omsk on the other—roughly, 1,000 miles from a railway station. It is high up on the mountains on the Mongolian frontier, and lives a life of its own—almost completely unaware of what is happening in Russia and in Europe—a window on to Mongolia, a local wit has called it—a ground-glass window.

In the course of the next five years a railway is to be run from Semipalatinsk to Verney, and as Lepsinsk is the largest town on the way, it should in justice pass through it. But Lepsinsk is high. Some months ago the burgesses made a petition to the authorities asking to be informed where exactly the railway would be, and they would remove Lepsinsk thither. They were informed. In a year or a year and a half Lepsinsk will remove itself fifty miles westward. Building operations are in full swing on the new site—land having been allowed by the Government free.

I spent four days in the town in the company of two young *hydrotechnics*, irrigation engineers, visited many people in the place, even spent a Sunday night at the "Social Assembly Rooms," the town club, and watched the only two couples Lepsinsk could muster that night dancing under the strains of the gramophone. But I must write of Lepsinsk when I review these Central Asian towns together. It will then be seen in its true perspective. Having got there, my problem was how to continue my journey without returning on my track to Abakum. Everyone gave me a different account of the roads and the ferries. Eventually I decided to cut across country and take the risk of marshes or rushing water lying in my path—a rash decision, but, as it turned out, a perfectly happy one. On this track I saw much of the Cossacks and of the Kirghiz, two races in striking contrast, and I spent Midsummer Night, always a festival night for me, under very beautiful and unusual circumstances.

Lepsinsk is a Cossack settlement. All the young men are horsemen, have to serve their term in war and are liable to military service without any exemption or exception. All Cossack families and Cossack villages are brought up on these terms. The children ride bareback as soon as they can walk and jump. The little boys get their elder brothers' uniforms cut down to wear. The trousers, be they ever so ragged, have yet the one broad red stripe down the sides. Marching songs are on the children's lips, and one of the most frequent sights is that of a company of Cossacks riding up the main street, carrying their long, black pikes in their hands and singing choruses as they go. No woman grudges her children to the war. War is the element in which they all live, and the official manoeuvres are so wild and fierce that many get killed in them, kill one another even, forgetting that they are only playing at war. The Cossacks, even in remote Asia, take themselves seriously as the personal body-guard of the Czar. Formerly robbers and border riders of the wildest type, they are now the most loyal subjects of the Emperor, and are bred out here in Seven Rivers much as one might breed a type of horse—for their sterling qualities. They have every encouragement and advantage that it is possible to give them, and have preference over all other subjects who wish to settle in these parts. They are orthodox but, of course, not really Christian in any mystical sense, baptised barbarians rather; dominant, selfish, egotistic fighters and grabbers even to this day and in the best of them.

I spent many hours with them in the Lepsa valley, calling at cottages for food. A feckless folk you would call them, by the sight of their homes. The women are very lazy and go to sleep after dinner, leaving all the dirty dishes

on the table for 50,000 flies to fluster around. You may see the baby Cossack almost naked, but covered with flies, the chickens pecking at the flies on him and making him cry. It is next to impossible to sleep in one of their houses. But they seem none the worse for the dirt and disorder—to judge from the fine young men, tall, agile, hawk-faced, the rising generation no weaker than the fathers.

The Cossack has settled where of old the Kirghiz had his best pastures. He has harried the gentle Eastern into the bare lands and wildernesses and over the border to China. The winter pastures that the Kirghiz has discovered for himself and marked out with stones, the Cossack has pitilessly mown for hay. Even his houses, the long village street of them, the Cossack makes the Kirghiz build while he stands by like a *barin* or a master. The Kirghiz will take less wages for his labour than the Chinese; he can be persuaded on occasion to work for nothing.

"You are entering Kirghiz country now; there are no Russian villages, no Cossack stations," said one to me. "No matter; you can always spend the night in a Kirghiz tent, and you will always get food from them, as much as you want. Don't ever pay them anything. They don't expect it. They will give you the best they have, but don't pay. You needn't. They are that sort of people, *glupovaty*, stupid-like. It is established so with them."

I passed up over fresh green hills and panted at the gradient, plunged down through beautiful meadows, slept a night in the Cossack station of Cherkask, lying on some felt in what the soldier host called a garden. Here I saw a pitiful sight, almost naked Kirghiz women treading wet mud and manure into stuff for fuel blocks. I thought of the wife in *Candida* who soiled her lovely fingers putting kerosine into the lamps; here was something nearer reality.

I slept on the sand beside Gregorielsky, and next day went deep into the desert, into a land of snakes, eagles, snipe and lizards. On the river shore I saw whence the colonists procured the gigantic reeds with which they roof their houses and build their bridges. Here were forests of roft, rushes that waved all boisterously in the wind as in a cinema picture. I was warned here against the boa-constrictor and the tiger—surely not the great boa-constrictor—but the worst I saw were intent-eyed, poisonous snakes, gliding away from me at the sound of the footfall. I got my noonday meal of *koumiss* in a Kirghiz *yurt*, borrowed a horse with which to get across the difficult fords, one of black, reed-grown mud, the other of swift-flowing water. All day I ploughed through ankle-deep

sand, and but for the fact that the sun was obscured by cloud I should have suffered much from heat. As it was, the dust and sand-laden wind was very trying. Early in the evening I resolved to stop for the day, and found shelter in one of twenty tents all pitched beside one another in a pleasant green pasture land which lay between two bends of the river—a veritable oasis. Even here as I sat in the tent I listened to the constant sifting of the sand on the felt sides and roof.

It was a good resting-place. An old man spread for me carpets and rugs and bade me sleep, and I lay down for an hour. In the meantime tea was made for me from some chips of Mongolian brick tea. The old Kirghiz took a black block of this solidified tea dust and cut it with an old razor. The samovar was an original one. It had no tap and leaked as fast as it would pour. Consequently a bowl was set underneath to catch the drip. This filled five or six times before boiling point was reached—the contents of the bowl being each time returned to the body of the samovar.

After tea I went out and sat on a mound among the cattle, and watched the children drive in sheep and goats and cows, and the wives milk them all. It was a scene of gaiety and beauty. There were many good-looking wives,



KIRGHIZ GRANDMOTHER.

slender and dainty, though they were so short in stature, had white turbans on their heads and jack-boots on their feet. As they went to and fro, laughing among themselves and bending over the cattle, their breasts hanging like large full pears at the holes made in their cotton clothes for the convenience of their babies, they looked a very gentle and innocent creation. These women did all the work of milking, and I saw them handle with rapidity ewes, she-goats, cows, mares, draining all except the last into common receptacles. The mares' milk alone was kept separate, to be made into koumiss.

When the milking was accomplished, fires were lit in oblong holes dug in the earth outside the tents, the Kirghiz stoves. Bits of mutton were cut up and fixed on skewers and placed over the glowing ashes in the holes. So supper was cooked.

I was called into a tent and there made to sit on a high wooden trunk while eight or ten others sat below me on rugs. "You are a *barin*," said the oldest man. "You must have the highest seat." Seated up there, they brought me about a dozen skewers of grilled mutton on a wooden plate and bade me eat.

"Oh," I said, "it's far too much for me."

"You eat first," said the old man. "Then we will eat."

So I took a skewer and put them at their ease. There were in the tent the old man, his son, two wives of the latter,

several children, an old woman and a minstrel. The minstrel was a tall man in ragged cotton slops; he played a two-stringed guitar and improvised Kirghiz songs the whole evening. Asked whether I would sleep inside the tent or out, I preferred the open air and had a couch made up for me, a pile of rugs over some drying clover.

So I lay in a Kirghiz encampment on St. John's Eve and watched the stars come into their places as at the lifting of a conductor's baton. A young moon looked down on me. In the twenty tents around me were singing and music and strange illuminations. Fires of weeds were burned inside the tents and made a great blaze of light which caused the felt walls and roofs to glow like fire reflected in silver. All night across the sleeping encampment came volumes of music from young throats, the songs of the children minding the cattle. The stillness of the night reigned about this music and was intensified by the *dun-dun* of rusty camel-bells, the jangle of the irons on hobbled horses, the occasional sneeze of a sheep with a cold, and the hullabaloo of dogs barking on false alarms. I lay and was nibbled under by goats trying to get at the clover, and breathed at by ruminating cows.

Next morning at dawn the old man in his shirt, and hatless, came and showed me the way onward, proffering a great pot of *airann* and a bannock, and regretting I would not stop with them awhile.

THE FIRST EASTERN GENERAL HOSPITAL, CAMBRIDGE.

II.—THE STAFF.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY, MASTER OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

... and thy staff they comfort me.—*Psalms xxiii, 4.*
TO manage and control so great an organisation requires a very large staff. At the head of this hospital are three permanent officers, a Colonel in Command, a

Major who acts as Registrar, and a Lieutenant who acts as Quartermaster; and a second Quartermaster has recently been added. These officers have for the past six years trained a permanent nucleus of forty-two non-commissioned officers and men, who now are invaluable in the work of the hospital. In addition, there is an *à la suite* staff of six physicians, eleven surgeons, two bacteriologists and an honorary dentist. The larger number of those serving as physicians and surgeons were granted commissions when the Territorials Force came into being six years ago, and they were given a definite rank in which they would serve should war occur and necessity arise. These have been called up in rotation, and almost all have been mobilised; others have been added to the junior ranks. Many of these reside in Cambridge, but a certain number have been drawn from Norwich, Northampton, Ipswich and Colchester, which are the chief centres in the East Anglian Division of the Eastern Command. Those from these centres who have been mobilised have left their practices in order to give their time, skill and knowledge for the treatment of our wounded soldiers.

One of the great difficulties that this war has brought about in our country is a very serious "shortage" of doctors. Not only is the number of casualties among the Royal Army Medical Corps very large—larger, perhaps, than in any other

branch of the Service—but the number of men entering the medical profession has dropped in a most alarming fashion. The entry of medical students at Cambridge in 1913 was 116, in 1914 it was sixty-six, and many of these had already taken commissions and left for the front. The Third M.B. Examination, held in December, 1913, had sixty-seven candidates; twelve months later the numbers had dropped to



CARRIED OUT INTO THE SUN.

seventeen. This falling off of medical students has naturally engaged the attention of the authorities, and at the suggestion of the Officer Commanding the First Eastern General Hospital, who was himself for many years intimately connected with the Department of Surgery in the University, a scheme was worked out which would enable those medical students who wished to gain practical knowledge, from seeing injuries such as have occurred in this war, to join in the work at that hospital. Lord Kitchener has himself written a letter desiring medical students to continue their studies. But it is very hard to hold back young men, who want to be doing what their companions and friends are doing, and who are equally anxious to serve their country. Still, some of them have had the courage to stay behind, and twenty-five

of these students, cadets of the Cambridge University Officers' Training Corps, are now in khaki and are acting as clerks and dressers to the physicians and surgeons of our open air hospital. All these students have passed the Second M.B., and are now being instructed in the method of "taking notes," in the administration of anæsthetics, in X-ray work and other branches of clinical work. There are further on the staff two sergeant-majors, fourteen sergeants, twenty corporals and 149 orderlies.

The registrar's department keeps all "records and returns" in connection with the admission and discharge of patients, and arranges for their pay on leaving the hospital. It also deals with the classification of the various diseases and wounds from which they suffer, and with all official correspondence. The discipline of the patients and the discipline and pay of the men constituting the unit are also under the charge of the registrar, whose work is very largely increased by having to keep the records of all the affiliated small hospitals and convalescent homes in connection with the central First Eastern General Hospital. These include about 1,700 beds. The post-office is also under the registrar, and a very considerable mail, both of letters and parcels, for the patients and staff is distributed at every postal delivery. These used to number some dozen a day, but since the war began the number of deliveries in Cambridge has been reduced.

The Quartermaster's Department.

This is arranged under six heads:

- (1) The Quartermaster's Department includes his office, worked by an additional quartermaster, one sergeant, one corporal and one private.
- (2) The Supply Department, with two staff sergeants, a sergeant and two privates.
- (3) The Kitchen Department, with one sergeant, one corporal and nine privates.
- (4) The Linen Store, managed by a sergeant and two privates.
- (5) The Pack Store, where the men's kits are numbered and stored, managed by one sergeant, one corporal and two privates.
- (6) The X-ray Room, managed by a corporal, a lance-corporal and one private.

The Nursing Staff.

The nursing staff consists of two matrons, forty-four sisters and 152 nurses and masseuses; two of the latter

and the supply of beds in the wards and also for the conduct and welfare of the nurses. Twenty-two charwomen are employed and are constantly scrubbing, and we are very proud of the cleanliness of our hospital, which we owe largely to the labours of these "unchartered" females, whose names will never appear in any official list.



AN AMBULANCE IN PROCESS OF BEING UNLOADED.

Showing the variety of the patients' costumes.

The nursing duties are so arranged that each ward of sixty beds has two sisters and four nurses, one ward master and two ward orderlies, and one general duty orderly between every two wards. This is the arrangement by day. At night each ward has three nurses on duty, and two sisters overlook the whole hospital. The nights are now milder, but during the winter the nurses necessarily suffered from cold; yet they do not complain, owing to their loyal devotion to duty and their desire to do their best for the patients. The sisters and nurses have their meals in a canteen on the grounds and they are catered for from outside. Most of the nurses sleep in our empty College rooms. Bodley's Buildings, at King's College, have been given over to them entirely and house 109; fifty-eight occupy an empty block in Selwyn College, twenty-nine occupy rooms in the town. The nurses in this hospital are all fully trained.

The Chaplain's Department.

There is one official Church of England chaplain and five who voluntarily assist him. There are two visiting Roman Catholic priests and one from each of the Wesleyan, Presbyterian, Congregational and Baptist communities. The services on Sunday are: Church of England, Holy Communion at 6.30 a.m.; Mass for the Roman Catholics at 8.30 a.m.; a parade service is held at 9.30 a.m. in the recreation-room, following the lines on which out-of-door parade services are usually held and which is authorised by the Chaplain-General. The service is conducted by the chaplain, and it is hoped that ministers of other denominations will be able to take their part by giving the address from time to time at that service. The singing is led by a choir consisting of sergeants, orderlies and nurses, and these are being trained by Dr. Mann, the organist of King's College, at a choir practice most kindly held by him twice a week.

The Recreation Room.

Entertainments have been given throughout the winter, and since last December thirty-five concerts, etc., have been given, four dramatic entertainments, two cinematograph shows and

ten lectures. Of these entertainments we can only say that the audience feels what Tallyrand felt about a certain ladies' dress "elle commence trop tard et finit trop tôt."

The Transport Service.

The hospital itself has no transport service. The wounded are conveyed from the ambulance train at the Cambridge



AWAITING THEIR DISCHARGE.

are provided by the Almeric Paget Corps. The Principal Matron mobilises the nurses and transacts all the very considerable business connected with the War Office. The acting matron attends to all the innumerable details at the hospital connected with the nurses, and is responsible for the general equipment and all matters regarding bedding

Railway Station by the various Voluntary Aid Detachments in the borough and the county. The Red Cross supply five motor ambulances and the hospital is further helped by four Army motor ambulances from Newmarket (these are under Government control), and in addition a very adequate number of private cars is available. These are warned when an ambulance train is expected, and hitherto an ample supply has been obtainable. One hundred wounded men can be brought from the train, some mile and a half away, to the hospital within an hour.

Clothing and Needlework Department.

A large portion of the garments in use for the patients, such as nightshirts, bed socks, dressing gowns, extra blankets, etc., have been supplied by the Red Cross, and many gifts of large quantities of game during the winter, of clothing, tobacco and cigarettes, flowers and other necessities and comforts, are being constantly sent by those interested in our soldiers from Cambridge and the surrounding counties. The Voluntary Aid Detachments in the town and country villages have done excellent work in undertaking the housing and nursing of convalescents sent from the base hospital. The Borough Red Cross Needlework Guild also undertakes the very considerable work entailed in mending all the hospital linen. All the Red Cross arrangements are under the supervision of the county director, the Rev. C. Townley, who has personally superintended every branch of the work.

The Non-commissioned Officers.

The non-commissioned officers and orderlies are housed in two separate buildings. The sergeants' mess has sleeping

quarters on the bunk system, well ventilated, and with very ample baths. There is a spacious dining-room and day-room, with a billiard table, and a reading-room, all in one building.

The orderlies' sleeping quarters are on the same system; they also have bathrooms and are in a separate building on the eastern side of the ground. There is a special dispensary, managed by a qualified chemist with two assistants. This is at present too small for the work and is in process of enlargement, as is the operating theatre.

Finally, there are two laboratories (1) for general investigations in connection with all patients in the hospitals, (2) a special research laboratory to investigate rare or interesting cases with a view to increasing the knowledge of the world. The expense of this latter laboratory is in part provided by the Research Committee under the National Insurance Act.

The design of this hospital and its plan were carefully thought out many years ago by Dr. Joseph Griffiths, the Colonel-in-Charge, who has put into practice on an extensive scale methods which he has found particularly successful in his surgical work at Addenbrooke's Hospital. He has been ably seconded by the architect, Mr. Skipper of St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge, who has supplied the technical knowledge which has made the hospital what it is. The aid of the numerous scientific specialists and experts which a University town like Cambridge can always rely upon has, of course, been as readily rendered to our great open air hospital as it is to every other national effort in this world's crisis.

THE SEA-BLUE BIRD OF MARCH.

OFTEN enough the kingfisher has been described and photographed in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, and it would have been an act of superfluity to recur to it again without a very good reason. Such a reason will be found, however, by our readers in the two most lifelike and characteristic pictures which accompany these few remarks. Never has this beautiful bird been so absolutely caught in the act. All who have observed it by a pond or river will recognise the bare bough in the first picture as the perching place most affected by it. How often has one been startled to discover the bird sitting there almost at one's elbow, quiet and not very noticeable in spite of its brilliant colour. When the kingfisher is at rest it must have been observed that its brilliant hues tone somewhat with those of the natural objects around, so that it is by no means conspicuous. It thrusts itself upon the vision most when flashing down stream

with all its colours displayed, or making a sudden dip into the water in search of those little fish which are its food. In the other picture the bird is represented just after this act, and realism and truth to Nature could not possibly be carried further. Realism, through its literary collocation, has somewhat got to be associated with ugliness, but this is not so in natural history. Here we have a beautiful realism, the representation on paper of the very commotion which the bird makes as it dashes at its prey, and rising, leaves behind it bells of foam and widening ripple rings. Not without good reason did Tennyson refer to the kingfisher as "the sea-blue bird of March," since in that month it begins to recover that full vitality and fineness of plumage which are lowered during the hard times of winter.

The kingfisher is not an early nesting bird. Its eggs are usually found in April, May and June, and, generally speaking,



J. H. Symonds.

UP TO ITS PERCHING PLACE.

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April is well advanced before it begins to seek out that hole in the bank which serves it as a nest. Towards the end of March it is only beginning to feel the renewal of the spring. The explanation probably lies in the difficulty which it finds in feeding itself during the cold, bleak spring days. The little fish at such times descend into the deeper and warmer water. As soon as the April sun begins to shine, then they love to come

does not awaken in the breast of the kingfisher any thought for to-morrow, but only stirs and vivifies an instinct that has been allowed to slumber.

Soon on shining pond and sparkling river we shall be once more gazing, for Spring is on the way and soon will be here. Some will have reflections of a kind very different from those with which they saw the same phenomena last year. For great emotions



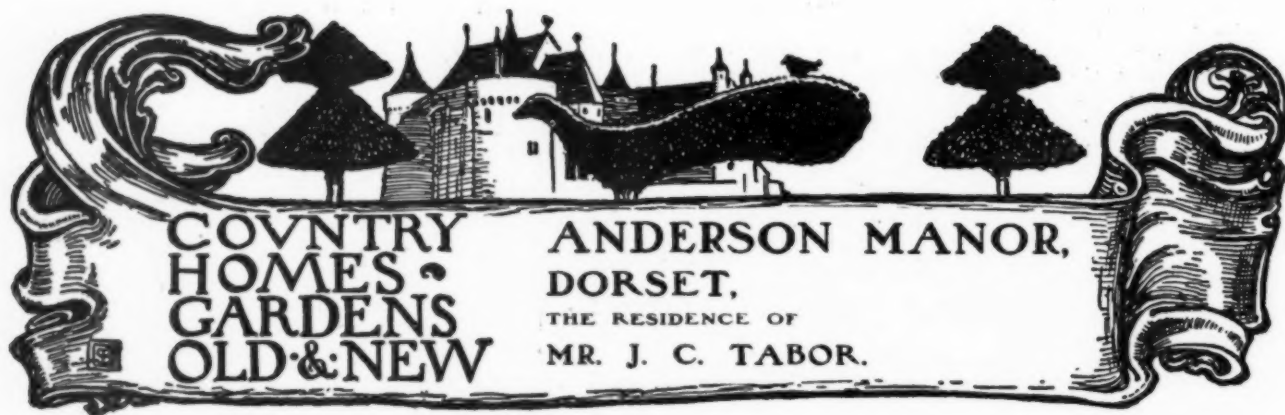
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LEAVING BEHIND IT BELLS OF FOAM AND WIDENING RIPPLES.

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to the top and bask in the warmth. These are merry days for the halcyon—true halcyon days, if we may say so. Food is easily obtained and plentiful, so that the instinct of breeding is aroused. Those who talk of birds in terms of humanity would, no doubt, assert that the male and female kingfisher then begin to think that the food supply is sufficient for more than two, and that a family will be justifiable, but that is a vain fancy. Nature

cannot pass over the country and leave all things as they were. But under the stress of deep feeling, what is best in any of us turns to Nature, the mother whom we love not less but more in times of stress and trouble. On such occasions, one pleasure not denied us is the pure joy of sharing in the spring resurrection, the return of the flowers, the play of the lambs, the skimming of the swallow and the kingfisher's brilliant flight.



WINTERBOURNE ANDERSON was once one of the small villages lying between Bere Regis and Sturminster Marshall which are threaded like beads upon that little tributary of the Stour which adds its name to theirs.

This stream, the North Winterbourne, springing on Bulbarrow, runs curving through the Winterbournes, Whitchurch, Kingston, Anderson, Tompson and Zelston, of which Anderson is interesting only from its fine manor house, for the village has vanished, leaving church and manor house behind.

The earliest record of the ownership of the manor of Winterbourne Anderson dates from the twenty-second year of Edward I, when William de Stokes held of the heirs of John de Burgo "Winterborne Fyveash," as it was called. The name of Anderson is seldom met with in early times, and seems to have been derived from its church dedicated to St. Andrew. Not long afterwards the extinct but once powerful Dorset family of Turbeville was in possession, and continued to hold it until about 1450, when it passed to the Mortons of Milborne. A Sir George Morton died in

1610, "seized of the Manor and Advowson of Winterborn Anderson alias Winterbourne Fife-Ash, held of the heirs of Lord FitzWalter, value £10," and ten years later John Tregonwell of Milton bought it from his successor, another Sir George Morton.

The founder of the Tregonwell family fortunes in Dorset was Sir John, a Cornishman, who trimmed his course successfully during that period of quick change between the divorce of Henry VIII and the reign of Elizabeth. He made his name by his support of Henry in this matter of the divorce, and gained in addition a pension of forty pounds a year. Soon after he was Chief Judge of the Admiralty, and in 1538 a Commissioner to receive the resignation of dissolved religious houses. In return for £1,000 and the relinquishment of his pension he was granted the Milton Abbey estate. His descendants remained at Milton for several generations. His grandson, John, who died in 1585, left a son John, who was Sheriff of Dorset in 1604, bought Anderson Manor in 1620, and built the house two years later. In 1624, when his eldest son married, he gave up, like more than one of





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ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his contemporaries, the "housekeeping" of his great house and withdrew to the smaller seat, where he spent his old age with his younger son Thomas. Though he never acted against the Parliament in the Civil War, being old and infirm, his sympathies were on the Royal side. At the end of 1645 he was sequestered for leaving his house, for Ashburnham threatened him "with imprisonment and plundering, and that his bones should lie by it" unless he contributed a large sum, "so that he was obliged to retire from his usual place of abode, being eighty years of age and very infirm." His house, stock and goods were taken by the Parliamentary forces. In the following year his fine is put at £3,735, and on its payment in August his pardon was passed by the House.

While old Tregonwell and his elder son were neutral in the Civil struggle, Thomas, his younger son and successor at Anderson, is mentioned as a Colonel of a regiment of horse in Anthony Wood's list of the fifty members of Pembroke College, Oxford, who were officers in King Charles's army. Though Thomas appeared as a committeeman in 1643, he compounded for the small sum of £600. According to the evidence of Thomas Coke in April, 1651, both Thomas and his brother John Tregonwell were recommended to King Charles at Breda as "friends whom he might make use of

and who would appear on occasion." His descendants were the owners of Anderson until 1910, when Mrs. Gordon Gratrix purchased it—a house then showing its fallen fortunes in its broken gable finials, its careless and overgrown garden and its ivy-muffled walls. Those windows which had not been blocked up—and in the illustration of the south front in Garner and Stratton's *Tudor Architecture* all the second floor windows are blocked, and on the first floor those on either side of the central bay—were many of them thoroughly obscured by the creepers, so there can have been little daylight on the



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THE NEWLY-MADE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SOUTH FRONT FROM ACROSS THE MOAT.

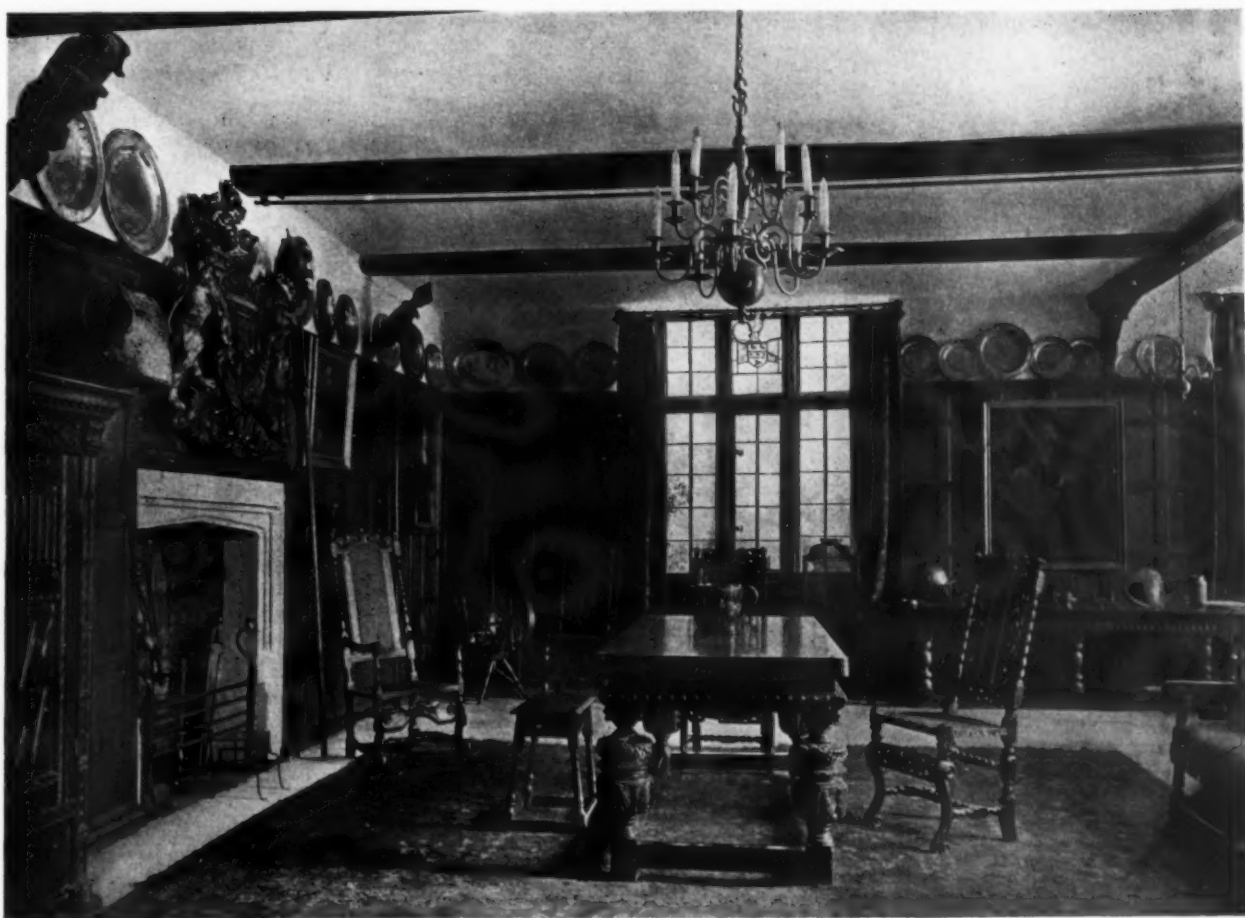
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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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THE HALL.

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DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

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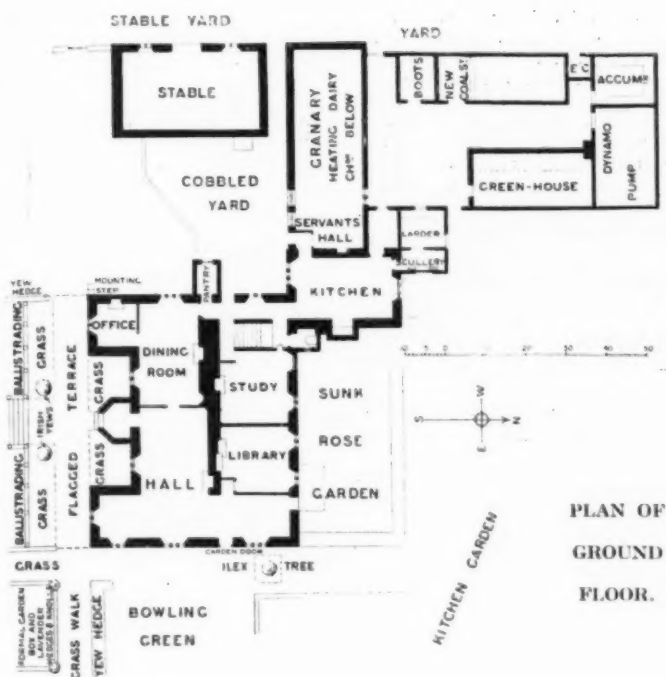


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ON THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

upper floors. The house was sadly out of repair, but essentially unspoilt and unmodernised since John Tregonwell finished building it in 1622, and dated his rain-water heads in that year, adding the Tregonwell coat of arms, *three pellets on a fess between three Cornish choughs*. Further evidence of its date is given by Coker, whose survey of Dorset was written about 1625. He mentions this village, "where of late Mr. Tregonwell has built him a faire house near the church." But the house bears its own date in its deliberate symmetry and fine sobriety. It is a quadrangular brick-built house, with stone dressings and quoins. The gables, the central porch carried up as a two-storeyed bay, and the two groups of tall brick chimney-stacks prevent any feeling of flatness and lack of interest in the front. It was, no doubt, as a result of a very random and unfounded attribution to Inigo Jones that this fine flower of the sober English tradition is described in the County History as "a fair specimen of Jones's favourite Italianized style." The soft colour of the building is due to the thin old bricks. Every third course is built with the vitrified grey kind, which give a very pleasant texture to the walls. The restoration of the house was a simple matter as far as the exterior was concerned, for there was little to do but to renew the broken ball finials of the gables and to remove some later additional outbuildings. Within doors there was more to remove. Upon the right of the entrance was a modern partition dividing the hall from the narrow entrance hall. Another divided the body of the hall from the bay, which had been used as a larder, and a modern grate masked the old stone chimneypiece. The removal of these later additions, together with an eighteenth century alcove to the right of the fireplace, restored the hall to its old appearance. The oak screen, which divided the present dining-room from the hall, was stripped of its shell of lath and plaster, and when the modern fireplace was removed, the old wide-arched stone chimneypiece was found intact. Hall and dining-room occupy the entire width of the house. To the north of the hall lie the main staircase hall with its original oak staircase and dog-gate, and the room now known as the library, where the chimneypiece had been bricked up and the windows converted into doors, one of which led into a lean-to larder, now destroyed. It was very fortunate that discarded portions of the old mullions and sills were found upon a boundary wall, and these were, as far as possible, restored to their former positions. The eighteenth century wood-framed windows of the study (once the kitchen) were also replaced by stone from the same source, and the old brew-house, granary and cider-mill house have been converted into offices,



billiard-rooms and housing for the electric light and pumping plant. The drawing-room on the first floor, with its

the innovations so apparent in most of its contemporaries." The accompanying photographs were taken during the



Copyright.

HALL FROM SOUTH RECESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

plaster ceiling where the rose, shamrock and thistle are combined in the circular centrepiece, its bluish green tapestries of "verdures," now so much in demand in English houses, needed but little repair.

Five years ago the house was still subject to its minor misfortunes, and though there were traces of a stately approach in the long avenue of sycamores and elms leading to the little stone bridge over the stream, it was no longer possible to see the house in its old setting. The new lay-out was based upon the traces of the old garden, and was later supported by the imaginary plan of the garden which appeared in *Domestic Architecture of England*. The foundations of the old terrace forecourt and garden-houses and the old sluice to the moat were found by excavation.

To-day the wall of the grass court has some old wrought-iron gates, through which the bridged and balustraded moat and the formal terraced and walled garden of the south front are reached. To the north is the old grass-pathed kitchen garden, to the east a formal walled garden set with knots of box and lavender and small clipped yew and box fantasies. The garden mound, the pleached lime walk and the iron grille with its gate leading into the orchard, which were added, are all in character, and the whole scheme gives additional value to the old house. Anderson Manor, with its forcible and symmetrical design, though built late in the reign of James I, is yet "true to the instincts of English craftsmen and untouched by

the recent ownership of Mrs. Gratrix, and therefore show the interiors as they were before Mr. Tabor came into possession. This happened soon after the war broke out, and as Mr. Tabor is at present Colonel in Command of the 8th Cyclist Battalion of the Essex Regiment, he has had little time to put his new possession in order. J.

A FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

SOME recent announcements go far to justify Lowell's complaint, that modern biography seems "calculated rather for the nine-fold vitality of another domestic animal than for the less lavish allotment of man." But this book, *Reminiscences and Letters of Sir Robert Ball*, by W. Valentine Ball (Cassell), is different. Of the thousands who will read it, not one will feel that it is too long, or that Sir Robert Ball did not deserve to have his life recorded. He had remarkable qualities of mind and character, and some powers which are not often found united in the same individual. Widely known as the most attractive of popular lecturers, he was also, as we are told here by a competent judge, one of the two or three greatest British mathematicians of his generation.

Again, because he was pleasant to all the world, so that no one ever met him without wishing to meet him again, it might be thought that a man of his type was incapable of strong attachment; but this book shows that he was an incomparable friend. He reconciled many contradictions. In appearance he was the typical Irishman, with the eye and mouth which Charles Keene used to draw in *Punch*, and he had the gaiety and wit of his race in full measure; but he was no less remarkable for that prudence and dignity and love of order which are not always conspicuous in the Irish

character. The book begins with autobiography; where that ceases, letters and diaries have been used, and the editor has done the work of selection and elucidation with discretion and skill. There are some good portraits and illustrations. Born in Dublin in 1840, Ball spent more than fifty years in a society remarkable for genius and hardly less remarkable for eccentricity. His record of Rowan Hamilton, Haughton and the rest is in a high degree entertaining and curious. In 1892 he was elected to the Lowndean professorship at Cambridge, and there he remained till his death in 1913. His youth was no bed of roses, but he fought the battle of life like a hero and won it;

and his last years might have been envied, if his character had not disarmed envy. He had good health and a happy home; he worked at a science which he loved and could never exhaust; he enjoyed in unusual measure "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." He deserved this, for throughout life he had diffused happiness around him. It is pleasant to think that this book will continue the same good work. It will lighten heavy hearts and distract anxious thoughts; it will increase "the publick stock of harmless pleasure"; and those who read it aright will find in the story of Sir Robert Ball's life as much instruction as amusement.

THE WAR AND THE WOODS.

BY WALTER RAYMOND.

[A *propos* of this article it may be useful to remind our readers that the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has just issued a Special Leaflet to explain how charcoal is manufactured. The war has caused a greatly increased demand both for heating purposes and ammunition.—Ed.]

MY window looks out upon a highway that leads from a camp to the coast. The ordinary traffic is considerable; but day after day it passed before my eyes unheeded, rarely making any demand upon my attention. Then of a sudden the road became alive, insistent with unceasing appeals to the imagination. And still it is so. The latest broods of martins had not forsaken their nests under the eaves when this began. To-day the blue tits are still clustering upon the winter dole of suet that hangs from the wistaria above my lintel. And though the pageant is no longer fresh, it will not be ignored.

The cars that speed to and fro bearing officers on errands that must not delay—the soldiers, in twos and threes, who pass and return to the rest-camp on the common—the heavy military trollies that rumble day and night and seem to shake the earth—all stir the heart to an unrest which familiarity does not abate. And then an army marches by. Many hours of the day and for many days the tramp, tramp, tramp of infantry only ceases to be followed by the rattle of horses' hoofs and the hum of artillery wheels. Sometimes there is song and now and then the music of the pipes. At last a stream of service wagons and Red Cross ambulances; and then a day or two of unwonted quiet before it all begins again.

In the orchard beyond the garden hedge a missel thrush was singing this morning of approaching spring. He seemed to bring a message of expostulation from neglected friends. He said the happy living things that used to fill my heart with love were waiting for me along the hedgerow and in the wood. That more than once the nuthatch had already whistled an invitation from the mossy branches of the hollow ash. That yellow catkins fringed the hazel copse. That fresh green tufts were sprouting from the honeysuckle that twined and climbed among the purple winter bramble leaves. That in the quiet English woods was not a sound nor any evidence of the war that bids a continent tremble and threatens to shake the world.



FEW PEA STICKS WILL BE CUT OWING TO SCARCITY OF LABOUR.

There was to be found sweet respite from the noise and anxious fears of strife.

The long, straight ride through the high copse was peaceful as the nave of an empty church. A hen pheasant scarcely distinguishable against the dead leaf that stuck to the muddy earth ran between the rut and the hazel and dived out of sight under a shining holly bush. Only half a gunshot in front of me a cock stalked across the ride, with stately deliberation, as if he had never in his life suffered an



Smith Whiting. THE HURDLE-MAKER'S "SAILS" BLOWING IN THE WIND.

Copyright.

alarm. Around the sodden remains of the keeper's little barley-mow were several. From a gap of blue amid white clouds, between branches bespangled with raindrops, the sun shone upon their red backs and glossy necks.

Opposite the tall pines to which at dusk wood pigeons come to roost some timber had been thrown and the timber wagon was there in readiness to haul it away. A little further on the copse had been cut. Bundles of pea and bean sticking were leaning against the trees, and I sat down on a faggot at a place where a hurdle maker had left his work.

The nine "sails" were set up in his "brake," though a gale had driven them aslant, and his rods lay ready to hand upon his rail. He must have gone in a hurry, for he had not wattled a single wreath. There was not enough wind to rustle an ivy leaf. The woods were quiet as peace. At my feet seedling primroses were springing everywhere because the clearing of the gloomy underwood had let in the sweet light.

At last a solitary figure, a man of over threescore, came slowly up the ride. Seeing me sitting there he walked across as if to investigate my presence. His rusty green old jacket was the colour of the woods. Neither farmer, keeper nor farm labourer, his identification remained uncertain until he most willingly explained himself.

"Marnen. Not zo terr'ble much a-gwaine on, is it? Not here. I bought these here bit o' underwood—bought it by auction—back last year—up to The Crown—you do know, I don't doubt, there by the vour-cross-roads. Aye sure, I bought it—an' bought it wo'th the money, so I thought. But lauk! Noobeddy can't not noo-ways git on wi' nothen not now—can 'em? Not here. I don't say over there, mind."

At the words "over there" he pointed over his shoulder with his thumb. "Tes pretty busy over there, by all accounts. They be all over there. I had a young chap here a-hurdle maken. He wur in the reserve. His missus brought un up the letter. He walked back to house wi' her there-right. Lef' it all as 'tes. Gone over there. Squire he've a-got back to, the sodjuren too. He's up the country, but young squire—over there. The two young kippers too—over there. Only the wold fellur a-lef' to kip a eye 'pon it like. Still that idden much count. There werden noo shooten to year—all over there. Ah! there idden no poachers—all over there. Very little sticken to grow pays vor the ducks to year. Noobeddy can't git on wi' nothen. There's a man o' my



CHARCOAL BURNERS SETTING UP THE PIT.



FEEDING THE FIRE.



Smith Whiting. SACKED FOR TRANSPORTING TO FRANCE FOR THE TROOPS. Copyright.

place bought a few sticks o' timber up here. He can't not haul 'em. They've a had his two best hosses—over there. There's nothen proper busy now but the charcoal burners. They be to work over here in the forest. Can't burn enough o' it. Light to haul—hot vire, not noo smoke—that's what they do make use o'—over there."

Thoughtfully he shook his head, then went on his way. In a very subtle manner the wood had proved itself as eloquent of the war as the high road. Unawares, the keepers, the hurdle maker and the two best horses may have passed my door. And close by in the forest an almost obsolete industry was again busy making fuel for the braziers in the trenches. Once more I took the ride, and soon left the enclosed estate for an open heath. Pippets rose from the heather, and there was a linnet perched on the gorse. Beyond a valley divided by a gravelly brook lay a dense wood of forest trees. The straight stems of the silver birch were white in the sunlight. A mass of purplish red, from the bud now thick on every twig, was half obscured by columns of pale blue smoke. Very soon I came upon carts piled up with logs of cleft oak which woodmen had prepared for the charcoal burners.

These logs are of one size and about 3ft. in length. They are set up in two tiers, until they make a pile almost as large as the ancient tumulus on the ridge of the hill. This pile is called a "pit." In the centre stands a post, and a few feet away surrounding the whole is a circle of stakes, the use of which is made evident as the process of burning proceeds. Close at hand is a heap of turf—not turves for burning; but moist, earthy, green turf, such as might be taken up for the making of lawns. The demand for charcoal being so brisk, there were several pits near together either building or at

different stages of the burning. Thus the whole process of charcoal burning and the use of every accessory was to be seen.

The business is one demanding constant attention rather than skill. From the moment a pit is lighted it must be closely watched lest it should become a bonfire and the logs be consumed. The slightest evidence of a disposition to riot into flame must be promptly checked, or there will be ashes instead of coal. Being built, the pit is covered with a litter of bracken and coarse grasses. Then charred earth, fine charcoal and black ashes from the last burning are thrown up upon the litter and everything is ready.

The lighting usually takes place at midnight, because the greatest trouble comes early, and it is better to have daylight to attend to it. The central post being withdrawn, the hole is filled with charcoal saturated with paraffin. When well alight, the top is shut in with more logs, and as the pit burns away, to prevent it from falling in, it must be fed. The ashes of the litter and the charred earth fill up the gaps between the outside logs and prevent draught. But should the wind blow, a shelter of heavy netting is hung to windward upon the circle of stakes. Wherever fierceness appears, the pit is "dusted." Earth is shovelled up to allay the unseemly pride. The smallest flame of ambition is at once smothered and buried under a turf. Day and night the pit is watched for four days, and by that time the logs are charcoal. Then, packed in sacks, they are ready for the front.

"I had vive an' fifty zacks out o' the last pit, an' there's all zo many out o' theas-here. But they be that hungry for it, if I do stop to talk they'll be here to vetch it avore I've a-got it into the zacks," said the charcoal burner.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A PICARESQUE tale, a romance of roguery, is the description that applies naturally to Gogol's novel, *Lost Souls*, of which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published a new edition of the translation that first appeared in 1893, with an introduction by Mr. Stephen Graham. The rogue, who in this instance is commonly written of as a hero, is a certain Tchitchikoff, who has conceived the plan of gaining for himself wealth and consequence by purchasing "lost souls." It looks like an invention of Mephistopheles till the explanation is forthcoming that it was a common practice to speak of serfs as souls and lost souls are dead serfs. Further, a landowner by a legal fiction was credited with the possession of these dead serfs till the next census, and had to pay taxes on them. Thus the hero scoundrel of the piece walks gingerly on the dubious territory which lies between the legal and the illegal. He could not be prosecuted for the purchase of a property recognised by the law of the land, and yet the scheme is inherently dishonest. Artistically, the plan works admirably, because it enables the novelist to send his mock hero wandering through Russia. Thereby an opportunity is afforded of describing very many different grades of people. A certain piquancy is gained from the fact that Tchitchikoff is a coward as well as a scoundrel. When Nozdreff, the gambler, made to thrash him, he turned pale as a sheet, could not speak for fright, and his heart seemed to sink to his heels.

Gogol employs great skill in presenting the various types of Russian. With the serf himself we are brought very little into contact, yet how suggestive are the hints thrown out. Only the names survive of some of the dead ones. One old female landowner remembered her dead serfs only by their nicknames—Despise-the-Trough, Cow-Brick, Wheel-Ivan and the like. Others talk in the strain of the grave-digger in "Hamlet":

Milushkin, the brickmaker, too; he could set up an oven in any house whatever. Maksim Telyatnikoff, the cobbler: whatever he pricked with his awl became a boot at once; and as for his boots, they were wonderful. Besides which he was always as sober as a judge. And Yeremei Sorokoplekhin! Now that moujik was worth a fortune; he traded at Moscow, and he alone paid obrok to the amount of five hundred roubles a year. What a set of people to be sure! Mine are not at all the sort of dead souls that some Pliushkin or other would sell you.

Poor dead souls, each with his own little bundle of interests, how difficult it is for us dwellers in a foreign land to realise the sort of dim, beast-like struggle you had in days when

Napoleon still had to fight Waterloo. We can judge something of this condition from such thumbnail sketches as the following:

In this house dwelt a relative of theirs, a little withered up old woman, who still went to market every morning, and afterwards dried her stockings on her samovar.

Here is a perfect little picture in a phrase or two.

Types of landowner appear in prodigal numbers—"Squireens" they might more properly be called, country folk, lovers of dogs and horses, great at table and great at drink. Most astonishing is the quantity and variety of their tipples. They suggest comparisons with England of the eighteenth century as it figures in the pages of "Tom Jones." Tchitchikoff stayed very frequently at inns, but he fails to produce anything approaching the inimitable inn scenes that Harry Fielding delighted in. The latter reproduced the chambermaids, hostesses, inn landlords and ostlers of his time with equal humour and fidelity. Gogol is dull, except when he escapes from the inn to the country house, where he portrays an even greater variety of countrymen than appear in the pages of "Tom Jones." At the same time, we miss the tranquil, serene and ironical humour with which the father of English novelists surveys the passing scene. The comparison is forced upon us because in the introduction it is said roundly that *Lost Souls* has a deeper human appeal than any of these volumes ("Don Quixote," "Gil Blas" and "Don Juan"). It is more broadly humorous, but it is also more tender, more serious." This criticism would be extraordinary if it applied only to "Gil Blas" and "Tom Jones"; but when the "Immortal Don" is also included, it becomes absurd. Fielding gave a great start to the novel in England, Le Sage had done the same thing for it in France; but Cervantes influenced the literature of the world. There is no subsequent writer of fiction who does not owe something to him directly or indirectly. The variety of criticism passed upon "Don Quixote" would of itself go far to establish the greatness of the book. To some, to the young especially, it presents only a series of ridiculous adventures. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are a clown and harlequin in a comedy that excites nothing but laughter. But when the reader grows older, when he has himself ridden forth on a Rosinante of his own and tilted at windmills with results as disastrous as those that befel the Spanish knight, then he begins to recognise something of

the deep seriousness, wisdom and melancholy lying behind the laughing eyes of Cervantes. Comparisons are as a rule to be avoided, because they so often lead to disparagement. It is not our purpose in the slightest degree to belittle *Lost Souls*. The story is full of amusement, read for its own sake, and it forms an introduction to a knowledge of Russia given in the most agreeable form; but it should not be set side by side with the masterpiece of Cervantes. In connection with the latter, we think no longer of Spain, but of the far wider field of human nature.

A word deserves to be added about the translation. It is good, but not excellent. Anyone who will look at the famous passage at the end of the eleventh chapter will recognise a certain stiltedness in the language. Compare the first few lines with a version given in the Introduction. The translator writes:

Ah, the troika—the bird-troika! Who invented thee? Of course, thou couldst only have had thy birth among a dashing race—in that land which has extended smoothly, glidingly, over half the earth, and where one may count the verst-pillars until one's eyes swim.

The writer of the Introduction in citing this passage uses this translation:

Oh troika, oh bird-troika, who first thought of you? Only a jolly people could have given birth to you.

The brevity and naturalness of this tiny fragment make us wish that the same hand had Englished the whole story.

Hugh. *Memoirs of a Brother*, by A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder.)

AN official biography of Monsignor Benson is to be written by Father Martindale, and Mr. Arthur Benson says that he has tried no more than "to place on record some of my brother's sayings and doings . . . an attempt to show Hugh, as he showed himself, freely and unaffectedly to his own circle." The result is a book that cannot be read otherwise than with a most respectful sympathy, even though some of us may feel ourselves now and again coming against a blank wall of imperfect understanding. Few writers have a more characteristic outlook on life than Mr. Benson, and it is quite natural to find him, in telling us about his brother, telling us also a good deal about himself. One pleasant little story may be quoted as illustrative: "When," he writes, "I said that I had nothing to write about and feared I had written too many books, Hugh said, 'Why not write a book about having nothing to write about?' It was good advice, and I took it." All through the book we arrive at our knowledge of one brother largely through the feelings and thoughts and wonderings of the other. The character of one whose mind was "always full of mystical and poetical ideas of religion," a man of complex emotions, with the temperament of an artist, is neither an easy one to understand nor to present intelligibly. We feel sure that there is much that we do not understand, although Mr. Benson's chapters on his brother's conversion to the Church of Rome are both generous and wise. But we do come to realise the more tangible points of his character, and have a vivid idea of the life he led. It was a breathless life, even though he lived much of it in the quietest old country house. He lectured and preached, wrote novels as fast as the plots came hissing red-hot out of his brain; carried on a voluminous correspondence with many who wrote to him for advice. He had extraordinary facility and extraordinary energy; he "put the work of a month into a week"; he was always looking forward to the future and never regretting the past. No wonder that his doctor said of him, "I cannot think of Monsignor as sitting with folded hands." The book is full of intimate pictures, and among them is one, poignantly interesting, of Archbishop Benson in relation to his sons in their boyhood and young manhood. His letters to them are so full of seriousness and purpose, advice and criticism, and have so little lightheartedness. They make touching reading, since it is impossible not to see that both father and sons might have been happier if there had not been so strained and anxious an affection.

Lodges in the Wilderness, by W. C. Scully. (Herbert Jenkins.)

IN this book the author, who is already known by seven or eight volumes dealing with South Africa, gives an account of several journeys in the great Bushmanland desert undertaken in the nineties when Special Magistrate for the northern border of the Cape Colony. He was the last incumbent, and the office has since lapsed. Something of a sentimentalist, his love for fanciful and ornate words at times runs away with him. The last chapter, "The Blossoming Wilderness," is one of the best, and contains some really beautiful descriptive writing. Whatever criticism may be made, the author has one supreme merit. He conveys to the reader something of his own intense love—one might almost write "adoration"—for the desert. To him "great spaces washed with sun" make an appeal similar to that which hills make to a Highlander. We are told in a publisher's note that "General Botha's army is operating in the neighbourhood of the great waterless desert dealt with in this book. It forms the great problem of the campaign." No one who reads these pages can fail to realise how tremendous an obstacle it is, nor how great the discomforts and privations which the South African leaders and men are called upon to endure. Mr. Scully makes some interesting remarks on the fauna of the region. We should have welcomed more. Sparse as such fauna is, it is distinguished by the presence of the lordly gemsbuck, one of the most magnificent beasts in the whole animal kingdom.

A Surgeon in Belgium, by H. S. Soutar. (Arnold.)

THIS is one of the most interesting books that the war has yet produced. Mr. Soutar was a surgeon in the English hospital at Antwerp, and afterwards in a hospital close behind the firing line when the fighting was at its heaviest

in Dixmude and Nieupoort. He was at Antwerp and at Ypres when the towns were bombarded, and saw the ghastly ruins of what had once been Termonde and Lierre. He has a decided gift of description; he does not let his feelings run away with him. "Purple patches," though the expression has a certain horrible appropriateness to the things that he saw, do not deface his narrative. The most striking things in such a book are often the small pieces of personal observation, as, for example, the reassuring sensation of seeing the First Lord of the Admiralty eating his lunch in an Antwerp hotel. But if these little things stick most tenaciously in the mind, the larger and more general picture is well worth having. Mr. Soutar gives a vivid account of the endless p'uck and cheerfulness of the Belgians which should warm his readers' hearts, if there be any further need of doing so, towards that gallant people. He has also much that is interesting to tell of the technical difficulties of surgery at the front and the methods of overcoming them. The general impression we derive is that more can be done in saving life under the most desperate conditions than the layman would have deemed possible.

The Rat-Pit, by Patrick Macgill. (Herbert Jenkins.)

THE author of the interesting "Autobiography of a Navvy" now gives us in the story of *The Rat-pit* his message of wrath and pity for the sorrows of his countrymen. The plot is slight and the group of Donegal peasants he so harrowingly describes is shadowy, though drawn, we are told in the preface, directly from life. It is, indeed, a woeful scene. The women lie half-naked in the snow, by an arm of the sea, waiting till the ice-cold water should be low enough to wade through. At the town, a day's walk distant, they are given yarn to knit for their extortionate employer; but the most skilful (and one of them "didn't miss a stitch in her stocking and her givin' birth to twins") earn no more than a penny halfpenny a day, which is divided between the landlord and the priest. However these things may be, we trust that the methods of the governing classes are not altogether as black as Mr. Macgill paints them. So exquisite and pure minded a creature as his heroine Norah Ryan would surely have found some helping hand, even though she does, to refer again to the preface, "allow the dictates of motherhood to triumph over decrees of society." Even if the father of her child, a young man who considers himself "destined to play an important part in the advance of humanity towards perfection," could cast her adrift so easily, we feel that his fiancée, who is "advanced" and reads ethics before breakfast, and who witnesses the scene when the unhappy Norah throws herself upon his mercy, must, if only on principle, have given more attention. Mr. Macgill's style is pleasant, and the monotonous colouring of the story is lightened by the never-failing enchantment of Irish speech.

The Chronicles of the Imp, by Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson Low.)

WE are apt to think of Mr. Farnol wandering through England with what may be called a Borrowian eye, peopling it with stage coaches and prize-fighters and gypsies, coming to a smooth patch of turf and turning to his nervous reader with the words of Jasper Petulengro: "I say, brother, that would be a nice place for a tuzzle." In his latest book he has in one sense broken completely new ground, for the story is quite modern, and his hero is a small boy of nine years old. But the feeling is the same: only the form is different. We enjoy it this time through the sayings and doings of the Imp, whose life is one long round of whole-hearted impersonations. He is Robin Hood in merry Sherwood, or Scarlet Sam the Buccaneer, or Spotted Snake the Red Indian Chief; and because Mr. Farnol loves bows and arrows and tomahawks so freshly and keenly, and would, we feel sure, like to take his own walks abroad in a coat of Lincoln green, he can give us the beautiful and mysterious thrill that we call by the name of romance. His book is not all "pretending," for, in addition to the Imp, he has a grown up hero and heroine. They have a nice little love story, and after some misunderstandings the Imp brings it to a happy ending by arranging a tryst for them "at the blasted oak." Altogether this is a most engaging book, and not to like it is to be irretrievably grown up in the worst sense of those awful words

Over the Edge, by Mrs. Clement Parsons. (Ersine Macdonald.)

THIS is a book of much interest and promise, marred to a considerable extent, as we venture to think, by too much general and irrelevant conversation. Such talk is neither worth the writing nor the reading, merely because it is like much talk that is to be heard in real life. Much of the world's general conversation is exceedingly tiresome, and in this book there are whole chapters of talk about books and pictures and things in general to which we can only apply the same epithet. This is a pity, because the real story is quite strong enough to stand alone, and shows the authoress to be possessed both of observation and genuine power. Stripped of its worse than useless embellishments, the story is an almost wholly tragic one. There are two brothers—John Cotstree, who is credited with a European reputation, and is at least a real person with life and strength in him, and Robin, who is a poor, puny little creature who can do no more than dabble in rondeaux and villanelles, and has only the redeeming feature of adoring John. Christian Gildersleeve, for reasons that are never clear to her nor to us, chooses the wrong brother. She marries Robin, but she loves John, and her half-realisation of this fact, and the way in which she goads herself to hate her brother-in-law, and all the bitterness that sends her ultimately "over the edge," make up a very tragedy.

A Drop in Infinity, by Gerald Grogan. (The Bodley Head.)

TO be precipitated at a moment's notice into Mr. Grogan's Fourth Dimensional World might not be such a disagreeable experience as most people would expect the affair to be if you were meted out so jolly a companion as Marjorie Matthews. It all happened with a suddenness and unexpectedness calculated to shake even the strongest nerve; but Jack Thorpe managed to take it very coolly, with the result that the pair immediately set about to settle down and marry out of hand and without any fuss about it. At first alone together in this new world—which, though stumbled upon in Cornwall, had no particular physical likeness to the West Country in its flora

and fauna—the couple are not permitted to enjoy the delectable land alone for long. For there is a mad collector on the look-out for the unwary, whom he is intent on kidnapping with a view to peopling his Fourth Dimensional World. A second pair are added to the first, and then a small party. Mr.

Grogan is a light-hearted humorist, he has been seized by a good idea, and he has worked it out with great good spirits and a happy-go-lucky inconsequence that should find him many an appreciative admirer and his next book a warm welcome.

IN THE GARDEN.

EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS.—I.

By W. J. Bean.

ANYONE with a knowledge of hardy evergreen trees and shrubs cannot fail to notice when visiting the pleasaunces of this country how indifferently as a whole the proprietors have taken advantage of the wealth of material now available in this class of vegetation. Throughout the winter months, say, from November to March, evergreens add enormously to the amenities of a garden, especially in the vicinity of the house. How pleasantly can one call to mind many winding, sheltered

Transplanting.—Apart from evergreens of the Rhododendron type, which have a closely matted root system that is easily kept intact and can be transplanted safely at almost any time of the year, some care and thought are needed for this operation. Although transpiration of moisture from the leaves of evergreens is much less active in winter than in summer, it never ceases, and the top growth can never be so independent of the root system as is a deciduous tree or shrub in its leafless winter state. The Holly may be taken as a typical example of an evergreen upon which the effects of transplanting may be disastrous if undertaken at the wrong season. A Holly taken up in mid-winter, shaken free of soil and replanted, stands the poorest



E. J. Wallis.

A NOBLE SPECIMEN OF THE HOLM OAK (QUERCUS ILEX).

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paths and cosy nooks where the bitterest winter wind loses nearly all its sting because they are embowered in evergreens! In the thin sunshine of a winter day such provide very pleasant places to walk in—not, indeed, surpassing in delectableness the outer woods where the leafless trees show their majesty of trunk and beautiful architecture of branch and twig, but giving a sense of shelter and warmth that makes a very agreeable contrast as one nears home.

Leaving out of present consideration the great conifer family—a class to themselves—the dominant needs of evergreens are an abundant rainfall and a climate free from extremes of heat and cold. It is a curious fact that while the native flora of the British Isles is comparatively poor in the number of its species of evergreen trees and shrubs, the climate itself is capable of sustaining in health as large a number of evergreens as any other part of the globe of the same extent and with the same average temperature. This fact, in conjunction with the enterprise of a long succession of ardent amateurs, nurserymen and plant collectors, has enriched our available garden flora with an extraordinary wealth of evergreen vegetation.

chance of surviving. Experience has proved that the safest times are in September (or, in the South, early October) or in May. At the first or autumnal season growth at the root is still active, the soil is warm, and if transplanting can be done in showery weather, success is almost certain. In May root action has recommenced, and again a soft or showery time should be chosen. Sunny days with a thin, dry east wind blowing are the worst.

Hollies at this time should not be moved until the expanding buds show that the roots are once more active. My experience is that, at this season, one is apt to be too early rather than too late, and the reverse in autumn. I remember once planting a few Holm Oaks (*Quercus ilex*) out from nursery quarters in late April. This tree is even more sensitive to root disturbance than the Holly. After a few weeks it was evident from the browning of the leaves and the shrivelling of the twigs that they were not going to live. By this time it was early June. They were, however, taken up and replaced with others from the nursery. Although by then the young shoots on the newcomers were 1in. or 2in. long, the trees succeeded admirably.

The succulent twigs flagged at first, and some of the old leaves fell off (always a good sign), but the young roots were in the first flush of their activity, and in a few days had taken possession of the soil.

All this, of course, refers to plants which are removed with roots practically naked of soil. Those which can be transferred with "balls" of soil by the aid of transplanting machines or other means, with the root system mainly intact, do not present any problems, and can be moved at any time from October to May. Plants also that have been judiciously transplanted in nurseries so that they carry with them a mass of fibres close to the stem stand a far better chance of surviving than those that have been undisturbed for several years and whose root system has become widely spread and correspondingly thin. But even with them it is safer to select the autumn or spring season for transplanting.

EVERGREEN TREES.

Hollies.—For producing an evergreen belt of vegetation intended to serve as either shelter or to hide unsightly objects from view, there is nothing to surpass our native Holly. Once established it grows quickly; it is extremely hardy, and never becomes thin or naked at the base. But for the garden there are varieties more striking than the type that may have preference, especially those with big leaves and those with variegated foliage. Of the former the following may be recommended: *Altacrerensis* (Highclere Holly), leaves up to 4in. or 5in. long and 3in. wide; *camelliaefolia*, an extremely handsome kind, with shining black, often unarmed leaves up to 5in. or 6in. long; *Hodginsii*, a well known big leaved Holly, its leaves rather dull, roundish and 4in. long; even finer, perhaps, is *Wilsonii*, with leaves up to 5in. long and 3in. wide.

Of the variegated kinds, *Waterer's Holly* is one of the most effective, its habit being compact and shapely, its leaves edged with rich yellow and usually quite unarmed. Two Hollies long known in gardens as *Golden Queen* and *Golden Milkmaid* are still among the best; the former has a border of deep yellow at the margin, the latter has a central patch of the same colour. Of the silver variegated sorts, probably the *Handsworth New Silver* is best, the centre of the leaf being dark, glossy green, the margin clear white—a very effective contrast. Besides all these there are the weeping green form of common Holly and *Perry's Weeping*, similar in habit, but with silver margined leaves; also a number of forms with curiously shaped leaves, like *monstrosa*, *ferox* (the Hedgehog Holly) and *latispina*; and others with small leaves 1in. to 2in. long, like *myrtifolia* and *recurva*. For most or all of these forms of Holly, gardens are indebted to English raisers.

No foreign Holly has yet been found to equal our native one either in beauty or fitness, but a few are worthy of mention. The new *Ilex Pernyi* from China is very distinct and ornamental, being of slender, pyramidal form, its leaves small and densely set on the branches. *I. cornuta*, sent from China by Fortune in 1846, does not appear likely with us to get beyond the shrubby state; it has very characteristic foliage, rectangular in main outline, with a large spine at each corner. *Sir Edmund Loder* gets it to bear fruit at *Leonardslee*, but, as a rule, its large red berries are not so freely borne with us as on the Continent. *I. opaca*, the American Holly, and *I. dipyrrena*, the Himalayan one, have dull surfaced leaves, and thus lack the cheerful glint of our own. In the South-Western Counties and other mild parts two noble Hollies are grown; they are *I. insignis* and *I. latifolia*, both with leaves 8in. or 9in. long and 2½in. to 3in. wide, the former from the Himalaya, the latter from Japan.

Yews.—Conifers, as a whole, are a class so far apart from the general run of broad leaved evergreens that they may be ignored just now. An exception, however, must be made in the case of the Yew. Like the Holly, it is a British tree, and has developed almost as great a variety of forms. In its general merits it has much the same standing as the Holly, but has a more sombre aspect, and its fruits, although handsome, never give so cheerful an effect or remain on the tree anything like so long as those of the Holly. A very attractive form of Yew, too much neglected, is the variety *adpressa*. It is not apparently so big nor so vigorous a tree as the common Yew, and its leaves are only a quarter of an inch to half an inch long by one-twelfth of an inch wide, but it is very elegant. It was found about 1838 by Mr. Dickson of Chester in a bed of seedling Yews. A form of it, known as *adpressa aurea*, has the young growths golden yellow, and is one of the most attractive of variegated evergreens. Another Yew of exceptional merit is the *Westfelton Yew* (var. *Dovastoni*). This has an erect stem, its main branches grow horizontally and its branchlets are pendulous. It was raised at Westfelton, near Shrewsbury, about 1777, and has since produced a form with golden young twigs. Every variety of Yew seems able to develop a golden leaved form if grown long enough and in sufficient numbers. Thus the upright growing Irish Yew, the variety called *horizontalis* (like the *Westfelton Yew*, except that its branches are not pendulous), and the common Yew itself, have each a golden leaved form. All the Yews produce a dense mass of fibrous roots, and transplant well up to a reasonable size.

No Yew from abroad is equal in value to our native one, but the Japanese species (*Taxus cuspidata*) is distinct and evidently hardier, as it thrives better in the New England States

than it does with us, although the common Yew is a failure there. It grows more slowly than our native species, and is well distinguished from it by the tawny yellow cast of the under surface of its leaves.

Evergreen Oaks.—The *Holm Oak* (*Quercus Ilex*), the "Ilex" of Italian groves, is in many respects the finest of our evergreen trees. For one thing it attains to a greater size than any (except conifers) in this country. In fact, it succeeds with us extremely well, especially in southern and maritime districts. My knowledge of Italy is neither extensive nor peculiar, but I have not seen in that country trees surpassing in bulk the best in this, as, for instance, the immense specimen in Lord Tennyson's grounds at Freshwater. As a tree for gardens it has the defect of dropping its old leaves in May and June, thus making an unpleasant litter day after day. We overcome this by planting Ivy beneath it, into which the leaves fall and disappear for good.

A tree of much distinction is the *Tan-bark Oak* of Western North America (*Quercus densiflora*). This has hard, leathery leaves up to 6in. long, marked by prominent parallel ribs and, in a young state, covered with a beautiful milk white wool. Rare in gardens and not very abundant in a wild state, the stock in this country has, fortunately, recently been enriched by plants raised from acorns introduced by Mr. F. R. S. Balfour of Dawyck.

Other Evergreen Oaks are *Q. Suber* (the Cork Tree), *Q. coccifera* (Kermes Oak), and *Q. phillyreoides* from Japan.

VEGETABLES FOR SOWING AND PLANTING DURING APRIL.

IN addition to the sowing of seeds of various kinds of vegetables, there are roots of several that ought to be planted during April. We must also remember that successional crops of all the kinds mentioned in *COUNTRY LIFE* for March 6th can be sown during the present month, while a number that were sown then, e.g., Brussels Sprouts, will need transplanting to their permanent positions.

Asparagus.—Where new beds of this vegetable are to be made, there is no better time for planting than early April. Crowns three years old should be purchased, and planted in rows 2ft. apart, with the crowns from 15in. to 18in. asunder in the rows. The roots must not on any account be exposed to drying winds, as they are quickly damaged. See that fine soil is well shaken between the masses of roots, and that each crown is covered with about 2in. of soil. On stiff clay Asparagus beds should be raised from 6in. to 1ft. above the ordinary level of the soil, but where the ground is quite porous, this is not necessary.

Beetroot.—Seeds of a long rooted variety, such as *Blood Red* or *Cheltenham Green-top*, must be sown during April. Have the rows from 1ft. to 15in. apart, sow the seed thinly and do not cover with more than 1in. of soil. The seedlings must subsequently be thinned so that they stand 10in. asunder in the rows. Deeply dug soil that was well manured for a crop last year is best for Beetroot.

Beans.—Towards the end of the month a good sowing of dwarf French Beans can be made. *Magnum Bonum* is a good standard variety, and the old Canadian Wonder is still reliable for ordinary purposes. *Golden Waxpod* is a good Butter Bean for those who appreciate this type. Sow in rows 1ft. apart and 2in. deep, placing two seeds at intervals of 10in. in the row. In a warm position, *Scarlet Runner Beans* can be sown during the last week in April, though for most gardens a fortnight later is the safest.

Broccoli.—Seeds of Broccoli for use during spring may be sown on prepared beds outdoors towards the end of the month, the seedlings to be transplanted to firm soil when large enough. *Early White* is a good variety for the first crop, to be followed by *Knight's Protecting*. The *Purple* and *White Sprouting Broccoli* are valuable spring greens, and withstand very severe winters. They may also be sown now.

Borecole or Kale.—These green vegetables deserve to be much more widely grown than they are at present. They come in for cutting during March and April, and so fill up the hiatus between the latest Brussels Sprouts and the earliest spring Cabbage. Sow in beds and transplant as advised for Broccoli. *Chou de Russie*, or *Russian Kale*, is the best variety that I know, and *Curled Scotch* ought also to find a place in the garden. *Drumhead* is a finely flavoured Borecole that hearts up similar to a Savoy Cabbage, but it is not quite so hardy as the others named.

Carrot.—Make successional sowings of the long rooting varieties, and also, towards the end of the month, a small bed of the stump rooted sorts may be put in, to follow the roots of this type sown in February or early March. Have the rows 1ft. apart, and thin the seedlings while quite small.

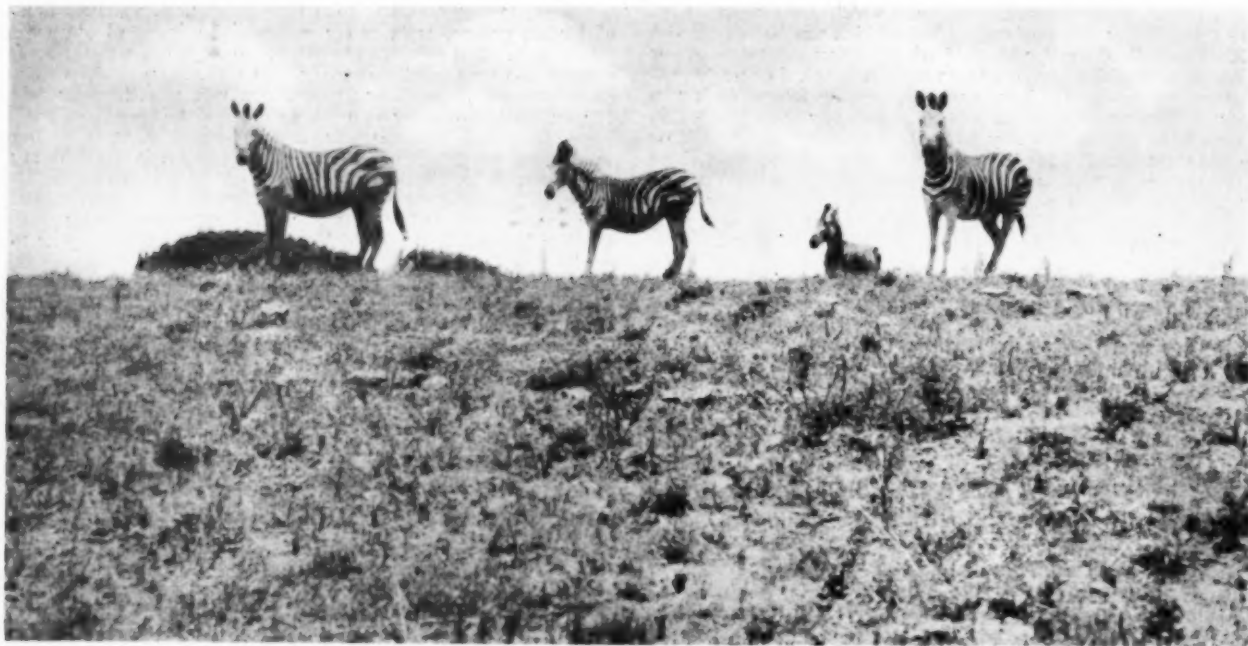
Cabbage.—April, and preferably the end of the month, is the best time to sow the Savoy Cabbages, which provide excellent green crops for use during the winter. Sow in beds and transplant as advised for Broccoli. During recent years a number of small varieties have been introduced, and these are of much better quality than the large, coarse sorts that used to be extensively grown. Owing to their diminutive size, they can be planted to mature in rows 18in. apart and 1ft. asunder in the rows. *Cartercone*, *Sugar Loaf* and *Tom Thumb* are three of the best.

Kohl Rabi.—Small garden forms of this valuable root are now obtainable from good seedsmen, and they are far superior to the coarse roots grown as field crops for cattle. Sow in rows 18in. apart towards the end of April, and thin the seedlings at an early stage so that they stand 10in. to 1ft. asunder.

Lettuce.—Sowings of this valuable salad should be made every fortnight during April and May. With these later crops it is best to avoid transplanting, thinning the seedlings early, so that those which remain have ample room to develop. Either Cabbage or Cos varieties may be grown.

F. W. H.

THE TSETSE FLY AND BIG GAME.



SCENTING DANGER.

IN his recent book on his very extensive hunting tour in British East Africa Mr. Bennett states: "The common zebra and kongoni are the most widely distributed animals in the country, and both of them

have an annoying habit of spotting you when you are stalking other game and proclaiming your presence by running about as if they were the object of your attention, and the zebra keeps on giving a sharp little bark. The Government had formerly a zebra farm, but the animal tires too soon to be a success as a domesticated animal."

So far as I am aware, few finer photographs of Burchell's or the Common Zebra in its wild state have ever been taken than that shown herewith. The general excellence of the photograph is partly due to the lightness and clarity of the atmosphere and partly to the artistry of the photographer, Mr. James Morrell, late Mining Engineer for the North Charterland Exploration Company, who

own 10,000 square miles of territory in Northern Rhodesia, where the photographs here reproduced were taken. Zebras have a very keen scent, and by some mysterious bond of co-operation frequently appear to act as sentinels for eland

and other antelope. Certainly their presence with other game makes stalking more difficult, more especially among hills and kopjes, where they seem to be the first to detect those subtle back currents and eddies of air which so often defeat the most careful stalk. On the more open veldt, however, and in the face of a steady breeze a troop of these animals by themselves are comparatively easy of approach, and it was probably under these conditions that Mr. Morrell obtained his photographs. In Manicaland in 1892, before the era of the camera, the writer watched at about 300yds. the evolutions of a large troop of zebra, who were in a playful mood and for more than a quarter of an hour galloped, wheeled, cavorted, charged and generally



THE LAST RITES.



ANGONI CARRIERS CROSSING LUTEMBWE RIVER IN FLOOD.

disported themselves in a manner that was thrillingly interesting.

Within the huge district referred to, which is bounded on the east by Nyasaland, on the south by Portuguese South Africa and on the west by the Luangwa River, game is very



ROAN ANTELOPE BULL.

plentiful. Roan and sable antelope, eland, reed buck, hartebeeste, zebra and all the smaller South African game are everywhere present, while lions and leopards can be occasionally bagged. In the north-western corner a herd of giraffe is carefully preserved, and in the adjoining valleys roams a very big herd of elephants, a limited number of which can be shot on payment of a reasonable licence fee. Moreover, Mr. Morrell, who is a keen bird lover, observes that the country is very rich in all forms of bird life, and offers a promising field to the professional ornithologist.

Speaking generally, the plains of America, Canada, Argentine and Australia have been in the past more healthy for cattle raising than the African veldt. The grazing land on the North Charterland territory, however, has proved to be comparatively free from many of the microbe-generated diseases that trouble cattle breeders elsewhere in Africa; but, unfortunately, the too frequent presence of the tsetse fly (*Glossalis morsitans*) has been an obstacle to any extensive ranching.

Needless to say, the settlers in the territory have taken a keen and practical interest in the controversy that has been waged on the relation of the game to the fly. The majority have always stoutly maintained that the relation was one of direct cause and effect. The more game the more fly was the first article of their creed, and they frequently urged the British South Africa Company, who administer Northern Rhodesia, to sanction an indiscriminate slaughter of the game. In the absence of any ascertained knowledge



BLACK RHINOCEROS.

the company did not in the first instance feel justified in granting their request. Subsequently, however, the study of the life history of the tsetse fly by the two scientific commissions who visited Northern Rhodesia to enquire into sleeping sickness, and by entomologists in Southern Rhodesia, resulted in certain definite information as to the conditions necessary to the life of the larvæ. Investigation showed that unless the female could deposit these on soil sufficiently moistened to enable them to burrow beneath it, they could not live. In other words, the tsetse fly can only increase under conditions of soil favourable to its offspring, and the apparently capricious but hard and fast limitations of fly areas, which hitherto have always puzzled hunters and travellers, are explained by the fact that, outside these areas, there is either the hardened surface of treeless veldt or dense bush, or some other form of soil adverse to the larvæ.



ELEPHANT SHOT IN EAST LOANGWA DISTRICT, NORTH CHARTERLAND.

The favourable conditions are obviously those where moderate shade or small streams offer frequent spots of moistened earth. This is also the kind of veldt that naturally attracts the game, so that within these areas the larvæ can find suitable soil wherein to continue their existence, and the parent fly can find that blood diet which it is presumed it requires. Although the investigation of scientists into the dependence of the fly upon some forms of blood diet—either of game or other animals—has lent a certain probability to the inference of untrained observers that the fly follows the game, nothing has been demonstrated on the subject. It is not known whether the fly, like the mosquito, can perpetuate its existence over many series of generations without any visible source of blood food, nor what ratio, if any, exists between the fecundity and vitality of the parent flies and the amount of their blood diet. A great deal of patient research work is required before the region of ascertained knowledge on

these points can be gained. In the meantime, the British South Africa Company considered that a sufficient authority had been established to enable them to sanction the experiment of killing the game within a certain limited area on the North Charterland Estate. This was permitted about a year ago, and a game fence also erected. The latest reports state that an appreciable diminution of the fly in and around this area had been noticed, a fact which it is hoped may be a sequence of cause and effect and not a coincidence. K.

THE BRONTËS AS POETS.

THIS selection of the Brontës' poems will be welcomed by all admirers of their novels. It contains photographs of the three sisters after the painting by their brother Branwell in the National Gallery, together with facsimiles

of some of Emily's writings.

Mr. Benson in his introduction

to "Brontë Poems"

(Smith, Elder) says some

true and interesting things

about the Brontës, whom

it is evident he has ap-

proached in that spirit of

natural and spontaneous

understanding which is

generally characteristic of

his criticism. Careful and

sincere as his remarks are,

we are inclined to think

that in this instance Mr.

Benson shows a somewhat

disproportionate enthusi-

asm for Emily's poetic

talent, while throwing Anne

altogether too much in the

shade. Emily had certainly

a very strong and unique

mind, also she gave to her

poetry a flavour of rude

sweetness, which fre-

quently atones for her

faults of diction. But even

her strength would not

always come at Emily's

call. She, like Charlotte,

found it easier to write a

fine novel than to put

faultlessly together the

most fragmentary of lyrics.

Their imaginations had

not been trained to act

promptly enough under

their control for them to

achieve anything very re-

presentative of their genius

within the confined and

harassing limitations of a

short poem. Undisciplined

as it was, however, Emily's

imagination sometimes an-

swered very nobly to the

demands of metre, while

Charlotte's, being of a

tamer order, went more

easily into its harness, but

seldom advanced when

there. Of Anne there is

only one thing that need be

said. She had, in spite of

what Mr. Benson, in com-

paring her to the more

famous sisters, calls a far

more conventional mind,

overshadowed by a kind

of cramping orthodox piety, the true and limpid nature of a poet.

Listen to what she says of memory:

Sweet memory ever shine on me;
Nature's chief beauties spring from thee.
Oh, still thy tribute bring,
Still make the golden crocus shine,
Among the flowers the most divine,
The glory of the spring!

This and the subsequent verses are like a prelude to a discovery as to the cause of that secreted essence of beauty which the past conveys to the most ephemeral of our remembered images. The skeletons of flowers and the ghosts of stars seem to arise and breathe upon these faint lines, as if they felt a kind of dumb reproach for the forgetful present. From Anne to Branwell is a far cry, but he must not be forgotten. Of the eight poems by which he is here represented, only one has any worth. It is a sonnet upon the callousness produced by care, of the cast-iron type, and very fine.

THE HALF-BRED SIRE.

MR. HOPE BROOKE REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

I THINK anyone who has carefully read all the letters lately in COUNTRY LIFE must have come to the conclusion that they have made no case against me. Why Mr. Allison throws cold water on any half-bred scheme, built as mine is on the figure system, is best known to himself. I defy him to prove his statement that any country, except England, has endeavoured to build a breed of riding horses on the same plan, based as it is on the figure system. In our case it has resulted in our great thoroughbred, and came about by our keenness on racing. It was found that the Arab horse on our mares did not produce anything like the speed and endurance that the reverse breeding did. If you use an Arab horse on a mare that is by some other breed out of an Arab, better still.

SIR MERRIK BURRELL.

Sir Merrik Burrell seems to think that I fluked the 16st. horse. I had the idea (it is nothing new, and is going on every year) that the secret of breeding a good galloping, big weight carrier was that he should be bred in tail male to a big horse in tail female to blood. I picked my cart-horse, put him to a mare by Asctetic out of Keruda, granddam of Glenside. She produced a big colt, Leviathan I. I put him to four mares, with the following results:

No. 1.—Thoroughbred mare, who had dead twins.

No. 2.—A high class hunter mare. Produce—a filly, showing quality and up to weight, who is a good hunter; will do any work, and breeds a big foal.

No. 3.—A pure Morocco Barb mare. Produce—a colt 15h. 3in., 8½in. below knee, up to 14st.; clever, all-round hunter, but not a Leicestershire horse.

No. 4.—A bloodlike mare, bought at auction; exceptional action, very sound, 14h. 3in. Produce—Leviathan II, a long, low horse, 15h. 1½in., about 9in. below knee; kept entire; is a clever hunter, quiet in all harness and farmwork.

The produce of No. 3 I put to a neighbour's little mare, about 15h., bought out of a hansom cab. Produce—the 16st. horse spoken of in my first letter.

The produce of No. 4 is sire to the colts shown with my original letter, also of other colts up to 15st. and 16st.

I also put a thoroughbred mare to a Yorkshire hackney, Nimrod II. Produce—a colt, who was shown in a hunter class at three years old and won first. At two years old he served a high quality hunter mare, who produced a colt that grew to 17h. 3in., 8½in. below knee; useful but uninteresting. Clever hunter.

My aim was to increase size without losing type. All the above were of hunter type. The latter looked a thoroughbred. Was I successful?

The colts shown with my letter are not mine, but were bred by small farmers from very old mares. The dam of the bigger one cost £4 10s.

Besides the produce of No. 4, Leviathan II, serving now, I have his son, Leviathan III, out of Ben Shie (a winner and dam of a winner on the flat), by Sir Bevis out of Bendemere, by Mogador, one of twins (the other born dead). He stands 15h. 1½in., and has 8in. bone.

Sir Merrik Burrell says he does not care to breed from little, bloodlike mares. I do not suggest breeding from any such creatures, but from the concentrated essence of all the blood horses registered by the Hunters' Improvement Society this last twenty-five years. I must just thank Sir Merrik for the kind courtesy of his letter.

LORD ASHTOWN.

The only correspondent who seems to have really experimented is Lord Ashtown, and I claim that he supports my view. A horse by Percheron out of a blood mare produced good looking hunter stock. "I did not see them used; the dealers bought them all up."

MR. SANDERS SPENCER.

Mr. Sanders Spencer has missed my point. The half-bred sire of the Hunters' Improvement Society may be all right, but as there is no stipulation that he should descend in tail female from a thoroughbred mare, Arab or Barb, with those not so bred the stock will often revert to the original mare. Many years ago I was fishing with a friend in Ireland. One day we went round some horses of a dealing veterinary surgeon. After I had aired my views he said, "You're that way of thinking, surr. Come round with me." In a back yard, from an out-of-the-way box, he pulled a rare good shaped cart-horse. "Just to raise the size of the little ones, surr."

When the Government sent someone round to see the stallions in Ireland, he was shown at one place several thoroughbred horses. He then asked if they had nothing else, and was told they would not care to show him the other, but they had one! On being pressed, they pulled out a cart-horse.

When I sought my Clydesdale, the breeder, on hearing what I wanted him for, said: "I have just the thing you require." I leased him to a man in the North of Ireland to raise the size

of their little ones. I did not buy that one because he could not use his shoulders.

MR. JOHN HILL.

Mr. Hill has often quoted his one experience of the cart-horse cross, and even on that showing I think his animal would have made a real useful provincial country hunter. One experience of breeding hunters has been quite enough for most men. As to the successful half-bred horses he mentions, I would, with respect, suggest that the reason of his success is his locality. The early crosses have been done for him long years ago, and on the lines I am pressing for. It is hard to imagine that many of the fine cart-horses bred on the borders of Wales have descended in tail female from the wee hill ponies. Many years ago, when staying in Devonshire with a clergyman, he told me the farmers mated the moorland ponies with the cart-horse. I do not know Wales, but suggest that this has been done there ever since the big cart-horse was evolved and taken down there. That, no doubt, is the origin of the Devon pack-horse and the Pembroke breed so much admired by Mr. Lort Phillips.

When I first got my Clydesdale horse, a drover near by brought a little blood Galloway mare, about 14h., said to have won many races, but then very aged. She produced a filly two years running. I think he told me he gave 30s. for her. He sold her in foal for the second time and with foal at foot for about £10. The fillies grew to be about the type of London 'bus mares. A Scotsman farming near Brackley bought them, and these mares were his favourites for farm work. One was kicked, and he sent her to Cabin Boy two years running. The first foal was not much use, but the second got into the hands of a very hard man to hounds, who gave £60 for her. She stands well over 16h., has nearly 9in. bone and showed surprising quality. He told me she was not fast for Warwickshire, but she would jump clean and well at the end of a long, tiring run. He sold her on her performances to Mr. Chappell of Chadhunt for £160. I think she is to be bred from this year.

I can go on giving more cases, but space will not allow. Suffice to say that there is no question as to nine out of ten mares by a cart-horse breeding upstanding commercial hunter type stock to the blood horse. For these mares, not the big blood stallion, but the one of exquisite quality is the best. Their daughters and grand-daughters will go on breeding sizeable stock. But I want to go one better. Given, for the sake of argument, that so much depends on the mare, I want to breed sires from whom, in the pedigree of thirty-two quarterings, my Clydesdale disappears into the top right-hand corner, as follows:

PROSPECTIVE FOAL	LEVATHAN IV	LEVATHAN III	Leviathan I	Clydesdale
			Van Darrell 19	
			Merope	Voltaire 2
				Velocipede 3
		Ballyroe	Beladum	Stockwell 3
			Catherine Hayes 22	
		Bon Accord	Adventurer 12	
			Daughter of 23	
		Flying Dutchman	Sultan 1	
			Cobweb 10	
			Sandback 8	
			Darioletta 30	
MERRIE LASSIE	LEVATHAN IV	Flying Dutchman	Blacklock 2	
			Daughter of Phantom 2	
			Blacklock 2	
			Daughter of Juniper 2	
		Merope	Touchstone 14	
			Beeswing 3	
		Lord Clifden	Melbourne 1	
			Volley 20	
		The Flame	Touchstone 14	
			Vulture 13	
MERRIE LASSIE	LEVATHAN IV	Rothrhill	Alarm 15	
			Mare by Glenoe 10	
			The Baron 24	
			Pocahontas 3	
		Laura	Melbourne 1	
			Queen Mary 10	
		Blair Athol	Touchstone 8	
			Beeswing	
		Miss Johnson	Plenipotentiary 6A	
			School Miss Marpssa 3B	

These, as bred by the right men, will be as big as you like, and I claim are thoroughbred.

COLONEL MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

Colonel Meysey-Thompson aims too high. Because you cannot win the Derby it does not mean you have not a racehorse. I have hunted in many countries, and have noticed that it was not the horses always that were at fault when men were not in the first flight. Take big weight men. Bill Grazebrook could always hold his own in any hunt on his big horses, and one

of the best he ever rode was by a cart-horse, from a mare the late Lord Spencer gave to a tenant farmer of his!

We in the Midlands of England cannot breed from the mares around us, and dare not trust a half-bred sire unless we know his origin in tail female. We rest for our foundation on animals shipped from Russia, Norway and other countries.

Many years ago the War Office instituted autumn manoeuvres on a large scale and bought an enormous number of horses from all parts, many from France. They were sold afterwards, and it was a great opportunity for farmers, as the horses were young and many of the mares were in foal. How can we expect to breed true to type with such foundation?

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER'S POEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in your issue of March 27th a poem, two verses of which, "I am not eager, bold or strong" and following verse, I found among Lord Wolseley's papers after his death, and which he evidently admired. He had written after them "M. W. Howland." I wrote to the London Library for M. W. Howland's poems, but the Librarian knew nothing of them. I asked one or two literary friends. One said he believed Howland was an American, which the last verse of the poem confirms. If you should discover more about Howland I should esteem it a favour if you would let me know.—VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY.

[We found the poem in an old, commonplace book, as told in the note. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to supply the information for which Lady Wolseley asks.—ED.]

PIGS FOR PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your correspondent Mr. Brook and his question, my pig experiments have been carried out in the way I have indicated for about four years. There cannot possibly be anything in my system which will not yield equally good results as long as one likes to continue it. Mr. Brook must have entirely missed the point of my article, as he mentions that his land is cropped close up to the hedges. My article was to point out a method of profitably using up woodlands that had practically no farming value. Obviously, on my own farm pigs would not be allowed to roam on the pasture and arable at will. Except at certain seasons of the year they are restricted to the otherwise useless woodland from a farming point of view. The pigs kept in the woodlands are, of course, those for breeding purposes. Those that are to be turned into porkers or bacon naturally come into yards to be fattened. In regard to "G. A.'s" letter, I have all the figures ready to give him at the end of this year. While it is true at the present time, with pig food which you have to buy so dear, it is very difficult to feed pigs for market at a reasonable profit, the breeding of pedigree Large Black pigs is still successful. Just before the war broke out I had a greater demand than could fill from different parts of the world, and was continually sending shipments away. It is quite certain when this war is over that the demand for pedigree pigs will be out of all proportion to the numbers available, and it is impossible not to make a profit in dealing with them as the minimum price that one gets for an eight weeks old Large Black pedigree boar or gilt is two guineas. In the case of specially successful show dams or sires much higher figures are obtained. Keeping breeding sows in open woodlands such as I do brings up a most extraordinarily hardy lot of pigs, and it is but a simple sum in arithmetic to see that if the sows only reared eight pigs per farrow, two farrows a year, brings in a gross income of 32 guineas per sow. I think the only reason that some people are not breeding pedigree pigs is that there is a certain amount of accuracy and trouble required to keep the necessary records of their pedigrees, and keep the pigs thoroughly marked so that they can be properly and clearly identified. For anyone who does not mind a little trouble of this sort, breeding pedigree pigs is most interesting, remunerative, and will be most advantageous to the whole of Europe when the building up of the pig population, which must take place after the war, begins. There never was a better time for anyone to commence keeping a herd of pedigree pigs.—S. F. EDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The study of Mr. S. F. Edge's clearly expressed article in your issue of March 13th has afforded me a vast amount of pleasure. Undoubtedly Mr. Edge is an enthusiast, and, as is not always the case, he has made his hobby a profitable one; but whether or not the system which he has adopted is capable of general application is at least open to doubt. Take, for instance, the capital outlay on buildings. No tenant farmer could afford to expend anything approaching so large an amount as expended by Mr. Edge, nor would many landlords, even if his tenant could afford to pay the interest on the money, the amount chargeable for depreciation and the insurance, on the chance of another tenant requiring the buildings. Perhaps Mr. Edge would inform your readers the amount charged for these costs in his balance sheet.

The outdoor system of pigkeeping is an admirable one, especially where pigs are bred mainly for sale as breeders. It is a system which I followed for nearly fifty years, and one to which I attribute a considerable share of the satisfaction expressed by my customers in all parts of the world with the healthiness and thrift of the pigs sold to them. There is little doubt that a very considerable proportion of the ill success attending the purchase of pure bred pigs arises from the unnatural conditions under which so large a number of the pedigree pigs are reared and fed. But in the production of pork, whether for the London purveyor, the country butcher, or even for the bacon curer, outdoor life is not one which gives the greatest amount of profit. A pig having its complete liberty will consume a greater weight of food and manufacture a proportionately smaller weight of pork than will a pig comfortably housed. Time is money in the making of pork. The earlier in life a pig attains to the suitable weight, other things being equal, the greater

profit will he leave. In order to secure the best returns, the two processes of growing and fattening must be carried on concurrently. Mr. Edge's enthusiasm crops out again when he is describing his favourites, the Large Black pigs. The three points to which he especially refers as proving the superiority of the breed do not appear to me to be of any great importance. The number of pigs of any one breed sold at one Royal Show, and even the extreme price paid for one animal, does not in the slightest degree prove that the particular breed is the best for general purposes, or that individual members of the particular breed realise the highest prices. I remember selling three Small White boars, newly weaned, for 100 guineas, but that is not the slightest proof that at that period the Small White breed of pigs was the most profitable for practical or commercial purposes. Again, the mere great weight of one pig at a show is little proof that the particular breed is the most profitable. For one reason alone, the very large and fat pigs are now mainly saleable for sausage meat, and thus come into competition with stags and sows. The question of cost of production is overlooked when prize winning is concerned.

One of the sources of profit in pigkeeping is the manure. Under Mr. Edge's system of keeping his pigs in plantations, this would appear to be lost. I would suggest that he could obtain the same advantages as to cheap food, exercise and health for his pigs if he kept them in an orchard, since the manure would be beneficially employed, and both the quantity and quality of the fruit be improved. I could cite several instances of this; one was reported to me from the owner of an apple orchard of some thirty acres, to whom I sold breeding pigs, of which he kept large numbers in his orchard, the trees in which showed signs of exhaustion. He declared the effect to be simply marvellous. Another instance was that of a Kentish grower of cherries. He informed me that keeping fattening pigs in his orchard resulted in the growth of a greater quantity of finer cherries. There are many other points of interest in Mr. Edge's very interesting article, but space forbids more comment now.—SANDERS SPENCER.

INVISIBLE TRENCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having, through the courtesy of Dr. Mackenzie, been given an opportunity of seeing trenches dug on the system which he has explained in COUNTRY LIFE, I should be glad to be allowed to give my opinion, for what it is worth, on his system. I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that thirty-one years' service in the Artillery at home and abroad, at practice camps and on active service, gives one a certain amount of experience in the difficult work of "spotting" a trench at fighting ranges. I was taken by Dr. Mackenzie to the place where the trenches were dug, and was told by him the general direction and roughly where their flanks rested. I was further informed that they were within 500yds. of where we were standing. Though I had no glasses I am not yet blind, nevertheless I saw nothing whatever which would, as an artillery observing officer, have justified me in ordering a battery to fire until we got to about 200yds. of the trench, which was about 70yds. long with a communicating trench. Dr. Mackenzie then gave me the direction of another trench. Again I failed to "spot" it, and not until we had got to within about 150yds. did I find the right and left portions, and then only because these had been badly constructed—the parapets were too high and unnatural, and "gave it away." The central portion, dug by Dr. Mackenzie himself, was absolutely invisible over 50yds., because it was perfectly natural. There was nothing to be seen which did not harmonise with the surrounding landscape, and the parapets could not be distinguished from the surrounding ground. The Doctor further illustrated the difficulty of "spotting" the trench by himself entering it with the object of firing from it. As he ostentatiously moved to our left on entering it I looked for him to the right, but could see nothing until about 50yds. off, when my daughter, after some hesitation, "spotted" his cap. He was then aiming at me with his walking stick. His contention is that with proper care in studying contours, background and natural objects a trench can be made invisible to the advancing enemy until he tumbles into it. From what I saw I am inclined to agree with him, and it also appears to me that, provided the occupants remain perfectly still, such a trench would be most difficult for an airman to "spot" from the height at which he is compelled to fly. The great thing is to avoid anything which looks unnatural or which shows regular lines or tracing. It is hoped in a few days to amplify the experiment by occupying the trenches with soldiers and trying to "spot" them from a hill some 2,000yds. off.—ARTILLERY OFFICER.

ST. JOHN'S WORT.

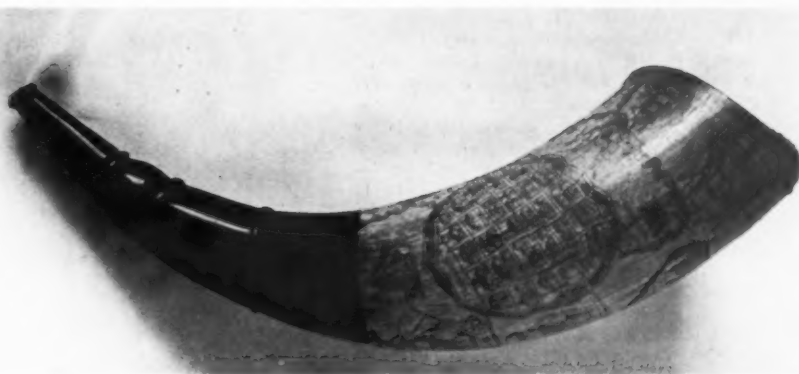
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Anyone wishing to consult a full yet concise account of the famous vulnerary *Hypericum perforatum* will do well to read the five page description of the herb, in its relation to the human organism, that appears in the "Dictionary of Materia Medica" (compiled by Dr. J. H. Clarke), edition 1900, Vol. I, page 947. Looking to the numbers of wounded we already have in England, and the increased numbers that—alas!—we may soon expect, the more widely the knowledge of the healing properties of plants is diffused the better.—HUGH KNIGHT.

AMYAS LEIGH'S HORN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On February 20th last you published a letter from a correspondent, with an illustration of Amyas Leigh's house. I now have the pleasure of forwarding to you a photograph of Amyas Leigh's horn! The horn is the property of Miss Martineau and formerly belonged to the Speaker, Viscount Eversley of Heckfield Place, Hants. While in the gun-room at Heckfield, where it hung, it was often handled by Charles Kingsley, who was a neighbour of the Speaker and a frequent visitor to the house. After Lord Eversley's death, Heckfield Place was sold, and the horn fell into the hands of the head gamekeeper. He had it for a time in his cottage, and eventually gave it to the village schoolmaster, who in turn gave it to Miss Martineau. The horn was perhaps used as a powder horn. On the surface at the widest end is a delicately engraved map showing two harbours, Port Havana and Port Matanzas, on the north of the Island of Cuba, with bird's-eye views and the names of the towns and forts, together with ships and figures, and the Royal arms of England. The engraved lines are in red, edged with black. The horn, of course, does not actually correspond to the description of the "wondrous" horn "covered with rough etchings of land and sea" which Salvation Yeo got from a "Portingal, down to the Azores," but it is of peculiar interest as the original from which Kingsley derived the idea of the "marvel" which Salvation Yeo, "with the impulsive generosity of a true sailor," thrust into the hands of Amyas Leigh. Apart from its literary associations, the horn is of considerable historical importance, since the engravings on it refer to the British expedition to Cuba and the capture of Havana under Admiral Sir George Pocock and Lord Albemarle in 1762, when the "Spaniards," says Admiral Mahan, "lost not only the city and port, but twelve ships-of-the-line, besides £3,000,000 in money and merchandise belonging to the Spanish king."—H. C. S.



THE "WONDROUS" HORN OF "WESTWARD HO!"

kindly writes as follows: "The six young elephant seals I brought to the aquarium here lived for several months—one of them for nine months. Two of the specimens were later transferred to the National Zoological Park at Washington. All of these specimens are now mounted in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and the National Museum, Washington." Dr. Townsend left some one hundred and twenty-five seals on the Island of Guadaloupe in various stages, and it is satisfactory to learn that it is owing to his suggestions that measures have been taken by the American and Mexican authorities for the protection of these rare animals from the ravages of the seal hunter, being the only known spot where they breed.

I have seen some large specimens of the sea lion which makes a good second, but the elephant seal far exceeds him in size and bulk, attaining a length of 25ft.—even 30ft. may have been reached—for adult males, but generally averaging 16ft. to 20ft., while the adult females are no more than 11ft. or 12ft. The proboscis, which gives its name to the elephant seal, is not capable, according to Dr. Townsend, of the forward expansion with which it is credited, but when the animal is enraged or about to fight is thrown back over the head in several folds by muscular action, and the mouth is opened wide, showing the large canines with which they strike at each other. It then emits a loud snorting and gurgling noise, but not the loud bellowing that some writers say can be heard for miles, although it was observed the young seals at play had a peculiar squeal, unlike any other known animal. Their eyes are very large and lustrous, nearly 3in. in diameter in the adult animals, suggestive of nocturnal activity in preying.

In September last I believe a Captain Davis of Venice, California, had a couple of young elephant seals for sale, but I do not know if they are still available, should anyone feel desirous of acquiring a couple of these unique marine animals!—J. F.

SOLDIERS AND "COUNTRY LIFE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I suggest to the many readers of COUNTRY LIFE that they make a point of sending their copies to their friends at the front or to the officer commanding any regiment in which they are interested? Here is an extract from a letter I have had from a soldier friend who has been twice mentioned in despatches since this war began: "COUNTRY LIFE paper is a great pleasure to see. It is such a delight to find pictures that have nothing to do with war. I am sick of war without having it obtruded on every page of everything I read." From what I hear I am sure my friend expresses the very general opinion of officers serving at the front.—X.

[As companion to this note, which is typical of many received, it may be permissible to quote another from a lady correspondent at Plymouth: "It may please you to know that COUNTRY LIFE is read with more pleasure in the hospital here (where I am nursing wounded soldiers) than any other pictorial paper! So many of our soldiers are enlisted from the country, and love to read of the country topics that you have made peculiarly your own."—Ed.]



SILENT ELOQUENCE.

the regiment on all its marches. Mingling with the crowd, he seems to use his "doggy" influence to induce likely recruits to do their duty to their King and country. As will be seen in the photograph, on his covering are the words "Serving my country. Why don't you?"—JAMES MUIR.

A BELGIAN "MONS MEG."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A *propos* of the illustration of Mons Meg in your issue of March 20th, one is led to think whether this old cannon at Ghent (photograph enclosed) has been removed from the city to Germany by the Huns for melting into metal for guns. I do not think this old gun has ever been fired, and I was told, when in Ghent, that it had originally been made as the result of a wager, it being thought impossible at that time (fifteenth century) to forge such a huge cannon.—A. H. ROBINSON.

THE ELEPHANT SEAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a note of September 19th on "The Sea Lion" I referred to a discovery of a herd of elephant seals that was made three years ago by a party of American scientists on the island of Guadaloupe, off the coast of California, in 1912—a discovery of great zoological interest, as it was commonly believed that the species had become extinct. The exploring party brought away with them six young elephant seals, and these were sent overland (a journey of six days) to the New York Aquarium, where they arrived none the worse for their long trip. Being desirous of knowing something of their ultimate fate, I made enquiry of Dr. Townsend, the leader of the scientific party, who very



PROBABLY MELTED DOWN BY THE GERMANS.

THE ENGLISH YPRES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that Ypres is one of the outposts of our defence, your readers may be interested in these two drawings of Ypres Castle, Rye, Sussex, built by William de Ypres, cousin of King Stephen, in 1135. Second only to Dover Castle in antiquity, this fortress, even now, is in no sense a ruin, though "mossed and brown with age"—aged when the famous Cloth Hall of Ypres was built. In 1430 the tower was still in the possession of John Iprys and his wife, Elizabeth. The interior boasts studded doors with grilles and massive fittings, for the building became a prison at the end of the Middle Ages. The pillory stood outside the walls, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century an innkeeper suffered degradation for conniving at the escape of a prisoner of war. Perhaps some among your readers may be able to amplify my note, as this part of Sussex was closely associated with Fécamp and West Flanders, though, I understand, many interesting records were destroyed in the Revolution of 1789.—HORACE WRIGHT.

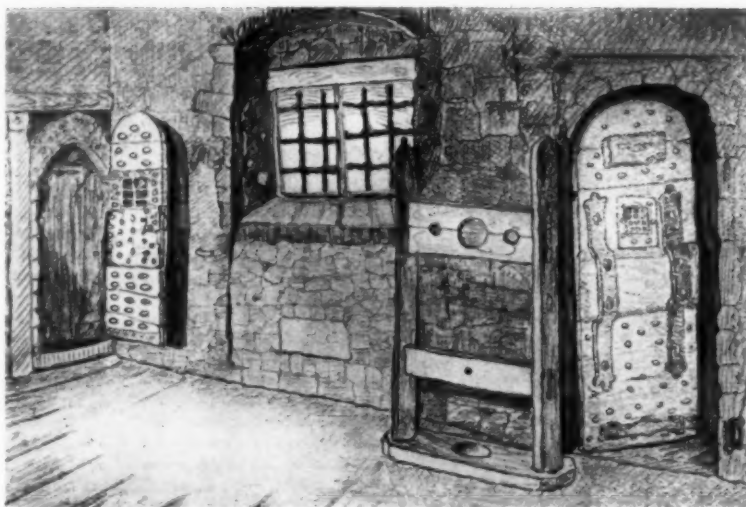
SWEETS FROM FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is possible that one or two old-fashioned recipes for sweets made from flowers and vegetables might interest the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. When the fields are yellow with cowslips, for instance, you pick sufficient to make a quart of the scented blossoms, and, having crushed them, boil them in a pint of either milk or cream. When they are beginning to get tender, put them into a dish and add to them three well beaten eggs, a quarter of a pound of either grated sponge biscuits or grated breadcrumbs soaked in milk. Add also a good sized piece of butter, and, having mixed all the ingredients well together, pour them into a buttered dish and bake for about an hour. Serve with wine sauce. Rose custards are made with six ounces of cooked beetroot which has been pounded in a mortar until it is perfectly smooth. Add to it enough rose water to enable it to pass through a sieve, and strain into it the well whisked whites of three eggs and a pint of thick cream. Stir the mixture over the fire until it has become sufficiently thick and then serve either in custard cups or in a glass dish. Thyme dumplings will be found a novelty in these modern days. Well wash some sprigs of thyme, and pick off singly rather less than an ounce of the tender leaves. Mix them with the crumb of a roll, three-quarters of a pound of finely shredded beef suet, a dessertspoonful of sugar, three eggs well beaten, and just sufficient brandy to make it the consistency of paste. Form it into dumplings, flour them well outside, and boil in cloths for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with wine sauce. Spinach tarts are made as follows: Put a sufficiency of spinach leaves in boiling water for a few minutes, and then, having drained them dry, chop them with a little butter, and add sugar to taste, a little cream, a spoonful of orange flower water and some finely shred citron peel. Line some patty pans with puff pastry, pour in the mixture and bake for about half an hour in a gentle oven. For vine leaf fritters you gather some of the smallest vine leaves you can find, cut off the stalks and leave them to soak in a little brandy, grated lemon peel and sugar. Then make a batter with flour, water and the white of one egg well whipped. Drop a small portion here and there over your frying pan, lay a vine leaf upon each and fry very quickly. Serve with lemon juice and sugar sprinkled over them. Carrot puddings may be either baked or boiled, and both are excellent. For the former you take half a pound of grated raw carrot, half a pound of grated breadcrumbs, the beaten yolks of three eggs and the whisked whites of two, a little sugar and



THE ENGLISH YPRES.



INTERIOR OF THE YPRES TOWER, RYE.

nutmeg, and a gill each of white wine and cream. Mix all well together, pour into a pastry lined dish and bake for an hour. This may be served hot or cold, as preferred. For a boiled carrot pudding you require eight ounces each of flour, washed and dried currants, chopped beef suet, carrots boiled and mashed, and a little spice and sugar. Boil in a basin for three hours, and serve with wine sauce.—G. V. C.

THE CHINESE POTTER'S METHODS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send the enclosed photograph of a Chinese potter's yard, in the hope that your readers, having seen a Moroccan one in your issue of June 13th, may be interested to see one from here. They make chiefly flower pots and bowls and platters for eating and cooking purposes. I think it must be

a more primitive method than that of Morocco, as the potter sits on the ground with his wheel before him, and has an assistant who stands up and keeps the wheel in motion by an occasional kick with his foot. After the drying and baking process is completed the pots are of a black colour. Those in the foreground were some that we had just bought.—M. D. T., Ningyuanchow, North China.

[Unfortunately, the photograph, though interesting, was not suitable for reproduction.—Ed.]

MEN OF LONDON TOWN AND HORSES FROM THE SHIRES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs may be of interest to your readers as showing what rural England is like at the present day, and an acknowledgment of the debt we owe to our British farmers, who reared the splendid Shire horses with which our heavy guns are horsed. They excite the admiration of the world. The men and the horses have been training among our hills for the past four months, and are now ready to go anywhere. To-day they left for an unknown destination. "Not a cheer was raised, not a sound was heard," but there were tears in many eyes as, at a wave from the Major's arm, they silently moved off.—J. T. N.



LEAVING FOR AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION.